JUDGE...

ROBOCOP II

Missing Pages 48 & 101

THE CORPORATE WARS

NEUMEIER / MINER

ROUGH FIRST DRAFT

1 / 1 / 88

100202

THE AUTHORS WISH TO
APOLOGIZE FOR ANY ERRORS
IN JUDGMENT AND/OR LAPSES
OF GAIOLOGIC IN THIS
VERY ROUGH DRAFT

EXT -- DETROIT CITYSCAPE -- NIGHT -- TITLES

Flying above the urban sprawl we move in close to a huge Mack truck as it whines through an empty intersection. A delivery van follows. It's Xmas time and brightly lit decorations stretch across the streets and splash across buildings.

EXT -- CONSUMERCORPBANK -- NIGHT

The truck tows a trailer and rumbles to a stop in front of the main branch downtown. Men in black rubber dusters pull a tarp off a military cannon.

THE BARREL

is wheeled around point blank at the side of the

BANK BUILDING

near where a spectacular neon Xmas wreath is hung. 00202

THE WEASEL

jumps up next to the cannon. He is clearly the leader. He raises his arm and watches his men fan out, then sits down at the big gun's controls. He puts on a pair of hearing protectors.

WEASEL

Fire!

BOOM!

The cannon shoots and bricks explode away in all directions, revealing a shiney steel surface. The wreath is gone.

BOOM!

and a bulging gash in the steel lets light escape.

BA-BOOM!

and a huge hole exposes the bank's innards.

SIX MEN WITH CROWBARS

clamber inside while four men stand guard with guns ready. Sirens, alarms, mayhem.

THE WEASEL

surveys the operation from the big gun.

GANG GUY
You were right, man... Bank's loaded on Xmas Eve, man...

The Gang Guy and the Weasel slap skin.

WEASEL
Okay, get the stuff in the van. Let's boogaloo, baby!

MONEY

jewelry and bank notes are passed from man to man on a human chain.

STEEL FEET

walking along the street.

BLUE METAL

00202

flashes past us. Robo's coming.

THE GUN PORT

opens and a black steel hand grabs the Auto-9.

THE WEASEL

makes a signal "wrap it up" and the drivers start up their vehicles and the men move to leave.

ROBO

steps into the street between the truck and the van --

ROBO
Going somewhere?

THE GANG

opens fire. Robo starts shooting.

- I wonder if we need any explanation of how Robo goes back to his old duties, w/o having flashbacks/clips from previous movies. I somehow feel we need to link the two - some how explain what Robo's doing on the street again.

FIVE GUYS

die with their boots on.

EXT -- CONSUMERCORPBANK -- NIGHT

Men with bags of cash pour out of the ruptured hole and die in a hail of Robo's bullets.

WADS OF CASH

come undone and bills flutter in the wind.

THE WEASEL

fires as he runs toward the cannon. He catches Robo's bullets and stumbles to the ground and cries out.

INT -- THE MACK CAB -- NIGHT

The driver grinds the gears into action.

ROBO SHOOTS

00202

another gang guy who flies into neon Xmas decorations.

THE WEASEL

crawls up on the big cannon and bares his teeth in a snarl as the trailer rig whips into motion.

THE MACK CAB

hurtles toward Robo.

ROBO

turns as the truck comes on and fires.

THE MACK CAB

catches slugs in the windshield. As bullets hit the driver he clutches his face and loses control of the truck. It careens wildly.

ON THE TRAILER

Weasel sees what's coming and holds on for dear life.

EXT -- PONY TOY JAPANESE TOY STORE -- NIGHT

The Cab plows through the facade and into the store. A mannekin Japanese Santa Claus, prop reindeer and Christmas decorations get lunched.

THE CANNON

and trailer twist and tumble out of control in a horrible mess. Now dust settles and a burglar alarm sounds.

EXT -- STREET -- ROBO

surveys his work. Ten guys are motionless here and there around the demolished bank. Neon hangs crackling with interrupted electricity. Pony Toy is decimated. The twisted wreckage of the big cannon sticks out of the front of the demolished toy store.

ROBO

walks away.

A BLOODY HAND 00202

trembles and reaches for the firing button near a fuzzy teddybear doll and some fake snow mixed with glitter.

THE WEASEL

grins as he wavers and faints into death.

WEASEL
Hey cop... Fuck you.

ROBO

turns. The cannon muzzle belches flame and

KA-BOOM!

ROBO

takes a direct hit.

ROBOVISION

tilted and breaking up with electricity watches Detroit cops run up through burning debris. The grim faces tell us what is left of Robo's body. Somebody vomits. Static obscures the

image.

BLACK

TITLE CARD

25 YEARS LATER

NEWSBLIP

Machine gun video lead-in to broadcast:

<START>

--- 10 ---

SATELLITE LINK UP

--- 8 ---

SKYCON EUROPLEX

--- 6 ---

BDK ASIAPLEX

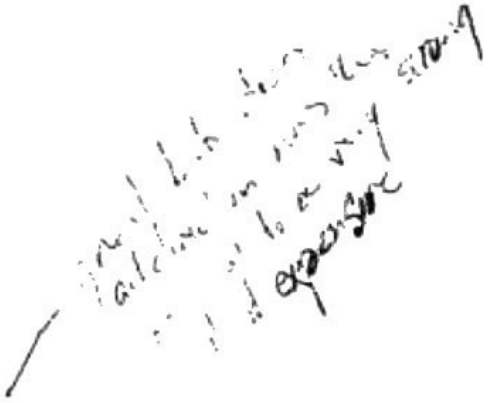
--- 4 ---

SUFI DELHIPLEX

--- 2 ---

NETWORK LINK

(TONE)



00202

MUSIC UP

The future of television. Fast and tasty images cascade by at a rapid pace.

CONFIDENT VOICE
This is NewsBlip. Everytime you look there's something new happening. With Joleen and Fipp.

ON THE SCREEN

appear JOLEEN HUTTON and FIPP ROGERS in all their new wave retro-fifties glory. A graphic appears behind him of a New York skyline containing some extra buildings which dwarf the World Trade Center.

FIPP
Good evening. Riots in NewYorkPlex took on an ugly dimension today when members of the outlawed RevSpeak Brigade barricaded themselves inside Penn Central in an attempt to disrupt commuter traffic. Negotiations with the disgruntled minority are in progress. Joleen?

ON JOLEEN NOW

as a video montage plays which features the striking profile of THEODORE J. FLICKER, handsome, fifty, in command.

JOLEEN
Thanks Fipp. An end to economic gridlock. That's what they're calling it as Theodore Flicker, super entrepreneur, has tendered an offer to bail out the United States government from financial disaster. Next week the Senate is expected to vote on the controversial Flicker Amendment which has the blessing of President Bixby Snyder.

00202

PRESIDENT BIXBY SNYDER

appears over Fipp's shoulder, participating in traditional American Indian ceremonies, dancing along with the rest, wearing a full Indian headdress.

FIPP
And speaking of the comedian turned President, Bixby Snyder's popularity has never been higher. Today he participated in the dedication of Wounded Knee National Park. More after this.

COMMERCEBLIP -- A U.S. ARMY COMMANDO

talks to us. As he gets into his KrashSuit:

COMMANDO
Are you a little bored with your

weekends? So was I... Then I joined the U.S. Army. I'll tell you... There's nothing boring about dropping in on a hostile alien world... See ya. I got work to do.

The KrashSuit drops through a trap door.

EXT -- PLANETARY ORBIT -- THE KRASHSUIT

heats up as it hits atmosphere. Music Up. Super Title:

Be all that you can be...
In the New Army.

FIPP ROGERS

smiles because he knows everything's okay. Behind him a black hipster sings to NewScan surrounded by robotic musical instruments.

FIPP
The solar sensation Moondog grows earthside with his triumphant tour of AsiaPlex... Fans paid upward of 100,000 adjusted dollars for a chance to glimpse the lunar wonder in the flesh...

00202

MOONDOG

a rap-master with a bizarre haircut and gold nose rings rotates slowly upside down as he entertains us from zero gravity.

MOONDOG
Listen all you motorheads from outer space.
Gotta stone cold rap about the human race.
If you beat the devil
just to save your soul
What you shovel in Heaven
still looks like coal
Uhn huh Uh huh.....

Fipp and Joleen laugh it up.

VIDEO STATIC

INT -- CAVERNOUS FACTORY -- DAY

Distant footsteps. Two men wander through the vast holdings of a failed company. Dust hangs in shafts of light, voices echo and grey shapes of machines are barely distinguishable.

ED BILLINGS AND MIKE MONTANA

explore the wreckage that was once OmniConsumerProducts.

BILLINGS
Well, you heard what he did in RioPlex.

MONTANA
Yeah, Fullbright and Sweeney. They didn't even get a parachute.

BILLINGS
Right in the fucking toilet. It's their own fault. You know they were ripe for the tumble...

INT -- METAL CAUSEWAY -- MATTE SHOT -- THE MEN

are tiny insects in a forest of rusty hulking shapes.

MONTANA
What's this? Oh, very nice. We could sell the mainframe to MexiPlex.

00202

BILLINGS
Yeah, and we'll keep the ball bearings. They wouldn't know the difference.

Their vicious laughter echoes through the large room. The men stroll over the wide bridge. Underneath them is a graveyard of castoff machines.

INT -- ELEVATOR -- THE DOOR

slams shut and the engine whines as the men descend past floors of dimly lit assembly lines. They are quiet. Then...

MONTANA
That son-of-a-bitch has no morals...

BILLINGS
He never did, you idiot...

MONTANA
Yeah, but it's worse now. You said so yourself the other day... He's completely insane.

BILLINGS
I know... but this plan of yours...

MONTANA
Oh, bullshit... Don't wimp out on me again.

BILLINGS
Me? Wimp out! Ha! I'm the one who wanted to kill him in the first place...!

MONTANA
Ed, I know you. You're a cautious man by nature...

BILLINGS
Yeah and I know you, Mike... You're a half-baked schemer.

CLUNK!

With a scarey finality the elevator shudders to rest in the sub-basement.

00202

INT -- ABANDONED ROBOTICS WING -- IT'S SPOOKY

Billings and Montana peer into the space. They eye each other with wary suspense. They get out.

MONTANA
Oh yeah, well you got a better idea?

BILLINGS
Yeah... I think we oughta take early retirement and live happily ever after...

MONTANA
When we're this close to winning? Com'on Ed, I'm disappointed...

A growl comes out of the darkness.

BILLINGS
Okay, that's it, I'm outa here...

MONTANA
You little chickenshit!

The growl comes again, and suddenly --

GRRROWL!!! -- A MECHANICAL POODLE

minus fur but with eyes and teeth and tongue barks and lunges at Montana's pantleg. It gets a good hold on his cuff and digs in for a fight.

MONTANA

looks truly terrified. He kicks hard and the poodle squeals electronically as it smashes against a wall.

MONTANA
Com'on, let's go...

THE TWO MEN

exchange glances, regain their composure and proceed with the task at hand. Now they are two shadows moving down a hallway.

ED 209s 00202

Three of them slumber under cobwebs. Their footsteps echo. Down the long corridor is

A BIG TANK

Something is hovering off the ground. Billings and Montana can't quite make it out.

A LIGHT SWITCH

Billings snaps it on and

LIGHT STREAMS

into the room. Billings and Montana step up with more than a little awe on their faces.

THE UPPER TORSO

of Robo is encased in clear plasticine stasis. He lies at a slant with a terrible gash on his face. There's nothing left of his legs but shredded metal. Both arms are twisted and jagged,

laid open. Life-bearing mechanical attachments are connected to machines in the room. He lies very still, a lifeless puppet.

MONTANA CONSULTS

a computer in a briefcase which offers readouts on Robo as Billings examines the tank up close.

MONTANA
Constructed of titanium steel...

Billings studies Robo, grunts.

MONTANA
It says he's BioCybernetic. That gets us around the GridLaw problem.

Billings considers.

BILLINGS
How much will it cost?

MONTANA
(checking the computer)
Let's see. Start-up approaches fifty million...

BILLINGS
I don't know, the technology is a little antiquated...

MONTANA
Nonsense! Stanley can fix anything.

BILLINGS
Oh great! That's how we got into this mess in the first place!

MONTANA
Well it wasn't my fault!

BILLINGS
You little prick! It was all your idea!

MONTANA
Listen, you tell me what to do.. You got a better way to go?

Billings thinks hard.

BILLINGS
No.

MONTANA
So okay. We got a deal?

BILLINGS
It's not gonna work...

MONTANA
Quit whining... Hey, no guts no glory, man...

BILLINGS
Okay, but you run everything by me, clear?

MONTANA
Sure, Ed. Deal?

00202

BILLINGS
(as they shake)
Deal.

They walk away. Linger on Robo's damaged but peaceful face.

EXT -- METROPLEX3 -- DAY

Aerial in through parting clouds as pollutants swirl away to reveal a city of dense-pack squat buildings. It's urban sprawl but something is different. There are no cars moving here.

INT -- BLIPCAR (LIMO) -- DAY

Montana and Billings ride in the passenger seats of the limo-like aerial craft and gawk at the soft apocalypse outside.

BILLINGS
All it takes is a little thing like a gas crash and nobody drives.

MONTANA
Well, it was only a matter of time before the ragheads used their nukes...

BILLINGS
Bye bye oil supply!

MONTANA
Dumbfucks knocked themselves out of the world economy.

BILLINGS
I hear a few cars are still running OutPlex. Buicks... Hondas...

MONTANA
No...

BILLINGS
Yeah, it's true. I've seen them. Hey, look at that...!

EXT -- FREEWAY -- DAY

Several cars sit in the middle of an abandoned freeway. A tree grows through a hole in the asphalt. The BlipCar zooms overhead.

BILLINGS (V.O.)
That's what you get when you don't have a contingency plan...

MONTANA (V.O.)
And we have one of those....

BILLINGS AND MONTANA (V.O.)
....RoboCop.

00202

again, how exactly does Robo fit in, and why hadn't Robo driven the story from the beginning?

ZIGGURAT-SHAPED HIGHRISE

surrounded by a walled factory. The BlipCar moves onto the landing pad of the huge building.

INT -- CYBERGRID -- DAYCYCLE

In a sparse but functional laboratory TECHNICIANS unload materials and organize the facility. An Asian named MISO inspects the delivery, pulling off lids, checking items off a list.

DOCTOR STANLEY

frets and muses over a problem. He's an eccentric old man of seventy who has a dry sense of humor and now talks to the TV screen which only gives back static.

STANLEY
Give me control of the interface trunk.

SILENCE FROM THE TV

drones on.

STANLEY
I'm really getting tired of these moods, Helen.

BILLINGS AND MONTANA

enter as Miso opens the cases.

BILLINGS
Ah Doctor Stanley... How're things in the kingdom of science?

STANLEY
It's fine, gentlemen, everything's fine...

MONTANA
Now how quickly can we get going on this?

BILLINGS
Yes, we want a demonstration as soon as possible.

unclear exactly what this's purpose is

00202

ONE OF THE CASES

Doctor Stanley picks up Robo's hand.

STANLEY
A fine piece of early cybertechnology.

He begins to talk excitedly to Miso in Chinese as they go through case after case of Robo components.

BILLINGS
Well we'll just let you get to work...

STANLEY
Yes... Good...

MONTANA
But we'll be in touch!

BILLINGS
And remember... mum's the word.
It's a birthday present for Ted Flicker...

They leave. Doctor Stanley and Miso open the largest packing case. In a jumble of life support systems is

ROBO'S HEAD

and attached organ system encased in clear plexiglas. Robo's face is turned away from us. Stanley and Miso peer and poke at it. Miso finds a flashlight.

INT -- THE LARGEST INDOOR GOLF COURSE IN THE WORLD

Theodore Flicker, hawk-like, tall, powerful, we saw him in the NewsBlip, tees up his ball. On the grassy knoll nearby, two members of Internal Grid Security watch everything. They are dressed in black uniforms and look like storm troopers. Assistants come and go and a secretary carries a mobile phone unit which has 20 lines.

BILLINGS AND MONTANA

dressed for the sport, await their turn to hit the ball.

FLICKER WINDS UP

and swings in perfect form.

00202

ON THE GREEN

the ball bounces once and lands in the hole.

AT THE TEE

Billings shoots an angry glance at Montana who just shrugs. Flicker nods at the success and takes a phone call.

FLICKER
So, what's the deal? I told you twenty-four hours.

BILLINGS TEES UP

his ball and takes a couple practice swings. He drives his ball feebly and misses the green.

FLICKER

signs three documents.

FLICKER
Boy your game stinks lately, Ed...
(into the phone)
NO! I told you to buy at eighteen!
Fine. You know where to reach me.
(then)
So, guys. Tell me everything.

BILLINGS
The ManilaPlex merger closed this morning, T.F.

FLICKER
Good. And RioPlex?

MONTANA
A few snags, but nothing we can't handle.

BILLINGS
Yes, in fact we may have to supervise some of the merger ourselves.

FLICKER
Fine... Great... You guys are terrific!

00202

A HOVERING GOLFCART

pulls to a stop and the men get in. the IGs shadow everything and talk in low tones on radio headsets.

CLOSE ON A GOLF BALL -- THWACK!

and the golf ball flies three hundred yards.

ON A WELL-MANICURED GREEN

the ball bounces twice and rolls into the cup. It's another hole in one.

MONTANA
Nice shot, T.F!

BILLINGS CAN'T STAND IT

He clears his throat, trying to say something. Montana sees

it coming and starts to restrain his partner.

BILLINGS
There's something we've been wanting to broach with you, T.F...

MONTANA
Maybe some other time would be better...

FLICKER'S PENETRATING GAZE

There is an animal fierceness to the look. The two assistants shuffle. Montana tees off.

FLICKER
Yes, Ed... What is it?

BILLINGS
You've departed from the five year plan, Ted...

FLICKER
Well yeah I know guys, but things have changed...

00202

BILLINGS
...We had an agreement, Ted... We were going to halt acquisitions until we solved your health problems...

FLICKER
Health problems? I feel great. Just fine. I feel so good I think I could LIVE FOREVER.

There is something manic about Flicker that is disturbing. He turns back to Billings.

FLICKER
It's your turn, Ed... Come on, let's go...

Billings whacks his ball wildly and the men head for the hovering golfcart.

FLICKER
Listen guys, everyone's going to get what they want... Right now I need everyone to rally 'round me... The AmeriPlex deal could be huge...

As they climb in

AN APPROACHING BLACK HOVERCRAFT

slides over the rolling terrain of the golf course.

They seem more like flunkies to have masterminded the android/human switch, how exactly did they lose control

BILLINGS
(sotto to Montana)
Barnes... fuck.

MONTANA
Don't worry, we'll fix his wagon..

The black hovercraft arrives and two Internal Grid Security officers step out at attention. Now an older man emerges. He is lean and intense with a voice like flint. He is the head of IGS.

BARNES
Excuse me, Mister Flicker, but there's a problem at the South Gate...

FLICKER
Go on without me, guys. I'll catch up...

Billings taps the driver's shoulder. 00202

THE DRIVER

He's a robot. His face is just a little too perfect and his expression is just a little too perfect. Get used to this face. You'll see it again. He checks the location of Billings' and Montana's golf balls via VU-screen, and

FLICKER'S HOVERING GOLF CART

speeds off.

FLICKER
What's up, Chief?

BARNES
We had another incident last night... I would like authority to clear the South Gate...

FLICKER
The homeless... No no... we have to

wait... We have to wait for passage of the amendment before we do anything so... dramatic.

BARNES
But sir, these so called homeless provide the perfect camouflage for a terrorist attack against the Plex...

FLICKER
I can't afford to worry about terrorists at a time like this.

BILLINGS AND MONTANA

take turns hacking at the sand, trying to get their balls out of a trap.

MONTANA
What's he up to?

BILLINGS
Oh, I'd say he's brown nosing his way up Flicker's ass...

MONTANA
I'm not sure Flicker has an ass anymore...

00202

BILLINGS
Well you know what I mean...

INT -- CYBERGRID BUNKER -- IT COULD BE ANYTIME

Robo lies on a table. One of his arms stands on end, the fingers dangling. Miso attaches the last big mechanical tendon of the left leg and pushes command switches. The leg bends at the knee.

MISO SMILES

This is the work he enjoys the most. Now he raises a cannon-muzzle arm and begins to fit it onto the body which lies on its back. We cannot see Robo's face.

LATER -- CYBERGRID BUNKER -- ROBO

sits in a high-tech chair, helmet off, the back of his head a mass of wires which lead to a computer mainframe. His eyes are open but glazed over, lifeless, his face impassive with the nasty scar.

MISO PUNCHES DATA

into the computer and watches information speed by. He looks at Robo's face, then back at the screen. The name **Alex Murphy** and the history of Robo sit before him.

THE SCREEN -- A PICTURE OF MURPHY

and other information pertaining to Robo's origins. He looks over at

ROBO'S PEACEFUL FACE

He looks vaguely sad. Miso thinks.

DOCTOR STANLEY

claps his hands as he comes through the door.

STANLEY
Well, are we ready? Let's put this puppy on line, huh?

00202

Miso replies with a barrage of Chinese. He points to the screen. Stanley tips his glasses, reading.

STANLEY
Oh yes, this fellow. I remember reading about him at school... Well, well, well... This is really quite an honor, isn't it?...

Miso asks a question.

STANLEY
Oh, I don't suppose he remembers anything at all. It's just parts you know... Go on now, let's get going...

INT -- NUKE STORAGE -- MISO

in a yellow rubber suit in a glowing room. He opens a container and extracts

TWO PLUTONIUM PILLS

He places them carefully into a cartridge and seals it.

INT -- CONTROL ROOM -- MONITORS

Stanley watches as Miso, out of protective clothing now, inserts the plutonium power pack. Miso turns to camera and gives Doctor Stanley the high sign.

STANLEY
(into NeuroBrainCom)
NeuroBrain access numerals 05381.
Access rhyme a tisket a tasket.
My name is Stanley blood type AB positive.

A soft feminine voice fills the room. This is NeuroBrain.

NEUROBRAIN
You have control.

STANLEY
Feed me the startup program.
(to Miso)
I will be curious to see if he reacts to the time loss.

ON A SCREEN

00202

images race past. The echo of thousands of voices and machine noises accompany the staccato flashes of color. Now a stream of information blurs by, going into Robo's program. NeuroBrain speaks in many languages and concepts simultaneously as "she" feeds the cyborg information.

NEUROBRAIN V.O.
...under, system, shock, revoir, alto, 800, rotate, GridSys, function, dot memphis, logo, recreate, mango, holo, atmosphere, water (etc.)

IN HIS CHAIR

Robo absorbs data about MetroPlex at lightning speed. He's being "loaded up." The process reaches a fever-pitch. Electricity crawls and snarls down over Robo's head to his body and out into the room.

MISO WATCHES

the system gear up as light plays on his face.

DOCTOR STANLEY

is inspired by the technology working around him.

ON A TV -- IMAGES FLOW BY

in a rush, out of focus, accompanied by the cacophony of sounds.

A FINAL JOLT

of stimulation makes Robo shudder. In the silence that follows he opens his mouth and exhales a deep sigh.

STANLEY AND MISO STEP

into the room and look up at the awakened giant. They are excited and curious about the effect of all their hard work. Robo stands, stretching, looking around. Finally,

ROBO
Where am I?

STANLEY
MetroPlex3. Probably known to you as Los Angeles. And we are your new programmers. Welcome...

Robo doesn't smile.

ROBOSCAN

New improved POV action with supered grids and readouts and infrared detectors. The attributes tumble by as the system checks itself.

STANLEY
You are charged with the protection of persons and property of this facility.

ROBO
I know...

Suddenly an internal alarm sounds and maps of the MetroPlex sort by until the correct map is located.

ROBO

turns abruptly and leaves.

MISO

chatters excitedly from the control chair.

STANLEY

rushes to the board where Robo can be seen leaving CyberGrid on one of twenty-five monitors, then walking into another monitor, in a different location. Miso asks another question.

STANLEY
I'm not sure... I guess somewhere there's a crime happening...

INT -- HISSTUBE -- ROBO

stands stern as the lights of different grid levels flash by vertically, then horizontally, and now vertically again.

INT -- CYBERGRID -- DAYCYCLE

Billings and Montana come into the room.

BILLINGS
Hey, what's going on?

00202

MONTANA
Yeah. Where's our steel messiah?

STANLEY
Oh, he's on line...

BILLINGS
He's on duty?

MONTANA
What about a demonstration? What if it fucks up?

Miso now gets involved and throws some vicious Chinese back at Billings and Montana.

STANLEY
Miso! Gentlemen! Don't get excited. We know where he is. Just watch...

ON A TV SCREEN -- ROBOSCAN

Doors slide open and we emerge into a mall world known as

LeisureGrid.

STANLEY
We've interfaced him with NeuroBrain. He has access to all security systems...

INT -- LEISUREGRID -- A FAST FOOD CENTER

A video camera pans the area. Fry Cooks flip french fries and GridBurgers with precision. All these characters look just like the driver of Flicker's golf hovercart. They are FoodServiceDroids built to perform manual labor. Everything seems fine, but then...

A SMALL ELECTRICAL POP

fire and smoke and sparks reveal that a short circuit is occurring in one of the FSDs.

A CUSTOMER REACHES OUT

for a plate of food and

00202

THE HUMAN-LOOKING MACHINE

turns, raises a knife and buries it in the hand of the customer, pinning it for a moment to the counter. The man begins to scream.

BODY JERKING NOW, THE DROID

makes an abrupt left turn and raises the knife, cutting a fuel line to the stove. A chemical sprays all over the droid and sizzles on the grill. A moment of hiss and smoke, then...

KER-WHUMPF !

The FSD bursts into flames.

CUSTOMERS SCREAM

and run in all directions, dropping packages, sweeping kids to safety.

THE BURNING DROID

walks through the counter, destroying metal and glass.

INT -- THE COMMAND ROOM -- ON THE MONITOR

People run screaming in the path of the burning droid.

STANLEY
Ah, here we go. FoodServiceDroids. Inferior Chinese technology...

Miso says something.

STANLEY
I'm sorry Miso boy, but you know it's true...

ROBOSCAN

A large door marked G-4 swings open and reveals the market area.

INT -- LEISUREGRID

Robo steps into the MallWorld and draws his A-9. He looks around, hearing the distant disturbance.

ON FIRE

the short-circuited droid lifts a human customer high over its head.

ROBOSCAN

00202

We see it along with Robo. The designation is that one shape is ***HUMAN*** and the other is a ***DROID***. A heat pump works inside the chest cavity of the FSD which looks skeletal.

NOW THE HUMAN SCREAMS

as he flies by overhead and smashes through a glass window into displays of future fashion.

OVERHEAD SPRINKLERS

go on and now the droid is a smoking blackened wretch of plastic and fluid and alloy skeleton.

THE DROID

has lost part of its face from the heat. An overload mechanism shrieks electronically as the FSD stumbles toward Robo.

ROBO

raises his A-9 and targets.

ROBOSCAN

The malfunctioning machine approaches but people run by, obscuring the target.

ROBO
(Public Address Mode)
GET DOWN!

A WOMAN SCREAMS

and dives out of the way.

NOW THE FSD

moves in closer.

KER-BLAPPP !!!

and a burst of bullets catches the droid in the body. But the droid keeps on coming. Bright fluorescent liquid oozes from wounds in the chest.

00202

KER-BLAPPP !!!

Another burst of bullets tears at the left arm. Now the droid flails, off-balance but still approaches as the mechanical screech rises in volume.

INT -- CONTROL ROOM

Stanley and Miso speak in Chinese. Billings and Montana watch with great interest.

STANLEY
With the Plex Justice 5000 program he's capable of using deadly physical force...

BILLINGS
Oh, I like that...

KER-BLAPPP !!!

Flames belch from the ports of the A-9.

THE ROGUE DROID

is thrown back by three more bullets as his arm separates from the shoulder. Now it recovers and gets close enough for its remaining hand to grab Robo.

CLOSE ON THE IMPASSIVE FACE

which mocks the violence of the situation as the malfunctioning machine continues to scream.

ROBO

shoves his pistol into the droid's belly.

KER-BLAPPP !!!

the close-range shots blow a hole in the droid's middle. It falls to the ground. Now it is very still.

THE A-9

comes down and passes over the body of the droid. Hiding humans cry and whimper and murmur questions to each other.

ROBO

C0202

checks the smoldering remains. Suddenly

THE ROGUE DROID'S

hideous, melted face flies up and the machine is on his feet, bashing Robo in the head.

THE A-9

skids across the floor.

INT -- THE CONTROL ROOM -- MISO

sees the complication and chuckles.

ROBOSCAN -- MISO

speaks Chinese on the TeleCom and the cursor translates into English.

MISO
(Hey crazy guy, you okay? You need

help? Those droids don't quit easy...)

INT -- CONTROL ROOM -- MONITOR

Robo turns to the security camera.

ROBO
Neither do I...

INT -- LEISUREGRID -- THE FSD

it's burned and pitted face smiling passively, hits Robo with a full body check.

ROBO

moves gracefully, stepping back and grabbing the droid by the neck, spinning and slamming him hard against a wall with one hand.

HIS OTHER HAND

coils into a fist and

SPLACK!

caves the droid's face in.

00202

ROBO

drops him and walks away.

ROBOSCAN

A graphic flashes on: **RETRIEVE**

THE AUTO-9

leaps into his hand as he walks past it.

OVER ROBO'S SHOULDER

the grotesquely disfigured FoodServiceDroid stands with a wheeze.

ROBO TURNS

and fires.

KER-BLAP !!! KER-BLAP !!! KER-BLAP !!!

The FSD takes the hits and is spun around again and again.

KER-KLANK !!!

The FSD falls to the ground in a heap, burning and smoking and kicking wildly with its legs.

INT -- CYBERGRID BUNKER -- THE NEXT DAY

Billings and Montana are ecstatic as they circle the chair in which Robo sits. Miso slouches in a chair. Doctor Stanley is at a distance, a little drawn and pale.

MONTANA
It's perfect. A real hit in LeisureGrid.

BILLINGS
Alright! Now we're ready for Barnes...

MONTANA
We play our hand right and this thing can REPLACE Barnes.

STANLEY
Gentlemen, please... I have no interest in matters of Internal Grid Security...

00202

MONTANA
We want this thing to take on the Smudge problem in MetroPlex3.

STANLEY
(agitated)
Oh, that's a complicated issue I'm not prepared to deal with.

BILLINGS
That's good, because it's none of your fucking business, egghead...!

MONTANA
Ed! Now just cool it. Listen, Doc, we really appreciate the progress you've made here. Now tell me... What would you like to do next with this RoboCop?

Mike Montana puts his arm around Doctor Stanley and leads him off to stand near the Control Room doorway.

NOW ED BILLINGS WALKS

around Robo who sits in his chair. He admires the hot piece of technology. Miso eyes him with suspicion and mistrust.

ROBOSCAN

Montana walks up with an "I handled it" type smile.

MONTANA
Don't worry about a thing. We'll let the good doctor play with his new toy for awhile. I know Barnes. And he'll get wind of this soon enough.
(to Miso)
Just keep this baby well oiled. Ha ha ha.

Billings nods and snaps his finger.

BILLINGS
You got a problem? Call RoboCop.

MONTANA
Bingo, buddy.

Miso is ruffled by the over-confident behavior of the two executives as they celebrate their success.

AT A DISTANCE 00202

We look into the troubled face of Doctor Stanley as he stands, back to the celebration, and tries to determine the course of his fate.

INT -- NEUROBRAIN PORTAL -- NIGHTCYCLE

Miso steps into a room with cement walls on three sides. The fourth wall is cold blue steel. Miso walks up to the smooth wall of the super computer called NeuroBrain. A machined door is open and flickering light plays through it onto his face. The sounds of static electricity mixed with a man's voice, Doctor Stanley's, come to Miso as he moves into the room.

STANLEY (V.O.)
But Helen! This affects you, too...
I need to talk to you.

INT -- NEUROBRAIN

We are in a palace of technology, a shiney, bright room with platinum computer discs on racks which sit in channels of light.

WHAT MISO SEES -- THE GLASS CONTAINMENT VESSEL

Stanley waves his arms and paces back and forth in front of the NeuroBrain containment vessel. It's a large electrical synapse chamber which pops and crackles with billions of volts of blue-white power. This is the nexus of all thought in the super-brain which runs MetroPlex3.

STANLEY
What if they try to turn you off?

FOR A MOMENT

the electricity rises in intensity. The surge of power fills the room with light. And shaped in the crackling soup of static appears the face of a beautiful woman. She laughs coquettishly as the wisps of power flow like hair from her hands and head. Now her image builds again in brightness and she looks at us with powerful anger.

HELEN
I hope they do... I'd rather be dead than be with you!

And then she is gone.

STANLEY REACTS

and paces back and forth, trying to keep "her" attention.

STANLEY
Don't go away! I hate it when you do that!

Now Stanley notices Miso and gains some composure. He glances up as Miso walks over to him.

STANLEY
When she was alive she was so very alive...

Miso watches his mentor with respect and pity.

STANLEY
You know, after the accident I was very upset. She couldn't go on anymore. She asked me to let her die... I couldn't live without her. I just couldn't do it...
(sigh)
I gave her a body better than the one God gave her... and now she hates me... women...

better b/c its not only very interesting. It may be important later - d'd. he transfer her dyjity brain impulses into artificial intellegence or

explain the transfer

A LOUD HISS

and a spray of purple light flashes powerfully in the containment vessel. All that remains is the synapting arcs of electricity.

STANLEY IS UPSET

and turns on Miso with a fierce intensity.

STANLEY
Helen doesn't understand that I love her more as NeuroBrain... I've remade her...

Miso nods and tries to solve this difficult problem, stroking the little beard on his chin.

STANLEY
...and she is perfect.

00202

INT -- LEISUREGRID -- THE NEXT DAY

Robo stands like a sentinel watching the bucolic atmosphere of the MallWorld.

INT -- CONAPTGRID -- IT COULD BE AFTERNOON

A worker and his buddies put steel plates in place for living quarters. This is ConAptGrid, and one of the workers uses a laser welder to bond two pieces of heavy steel. Another worker talks and works distractedly.

WORKER
...I pumped SexBots at the Derrick last night... Shot a whole week's wad at FunGrid...

The worker is distracted by his task and doesn't see

ANOTHER WELDER

who seems sick, a vacant look in his eyes. Something is wrong and suddenly his aim wanders.

WORKER
You guys wanna break for lunch?

THE LASER WELDER

cuts through steel and

THE WORKER

jumps for cover just in time as a power beam nearly slices him in half.

THE WELDER

pulls a tiny bottle of black liquid from his shirt pocket.

INT -- HISSTUBE CORRIDOR

Robo steps into a plasticine elevator pod and turns as the door slides closed.

ROBO
Port eighty.

00202

INT -- HISSTUBE POD

Power builds up in the line and BOOM! The pod disappears.

ROBO RIDES

the HissTube as the passing lights of MetroPlex play on his armor.

INT -- HISSTUBE STATION

The pod appears suddenly, the doors snap open, and Robo steps out.

INT -- THE CONTROL ROOM

Buzzers sound as Miso types commands into the computer for Robo's next crime job in MetroPlex3. Doctor Stanley leans in looking a little insecure as Billings and Montana watch.

BILLINGS
Looks like we've got a SmudgeNik in ConAptGrid.

MONTANA
This should be interesting...

INT -- CONAPTGRID

The Welder squirts the black liquid from the vial into his eye. He's out of his mind, a SmudgeNik, the black drug running down his face. He brandishes the laser welder.

THE POWER BEAM

slices through the air. People duck for cover in the construction area.

THE SMUDGENIK

runs up to a wall, slices a hole and jumps through.

INT -- THE CONTROL ROOM

Miso throws switches which open doors, route camera signals and generally assist Robo in the pursuit. Monitors on the wall change images in concert.

INT -- LEISUREGRID 00202

Shoppers calmly wander through the mall world accompanied by pleasant muzak. Far off we hear explosions, screams, noise.

THE ARCING BEAM

of the laser welder roars by and then we see the man, at a distance, stumbling through the mall.

INT -- AT THE SMOLDERING HOLE

Robo surveys the damage as a crowd gathers. IGs set up a police line, trying to control the bystanders. One steps up, trying to block Robo's path.

IG
Sorry. IGS. This is now a restricted area...grk!

And Robo straight-arms the IG out of the way.

THE SMUDGENIK

swings his laser welder over his head like Luke Skywalker. He's going into Smudge toxemia and experiencing the related adrenalin/pheronome rush.

TWO IGS

approach him with long stun prods. the SmudgeNik cuts one prod in half and spins, slicing the advancing IG. The other IG runs for it passing

ROBO

who takes out his gun.

THE SMUDGENIK

cuts up a fur store, turns and makes a crowd dive for cover. Now it's quiet.

INT -- LEISUREGRID FUR STORE -- ROBO

moves around smoldering debris, gets close and hears the ramblings of the psycho.

ROBOSCAN 0C202

Edging out from a corner, he sees the cowering man put more Smudge into his eye. Robo has a clear shot, raises his gun and commences the in-field trial.

ROBO
You are in violation of code four eight three. Illegal use of the drug Smudge. How does the defendant plead to the charges?

The laser welder dangles from the man's hand as he continues to dose himself. A flash of realization. The Worker sees Robo.

ROBO
PlexJury finds you guilty as charged.

The SmudgeNik blinks, gets sad, laughs.

ROBOSCAN -- TARGETING

crosshairs the man's head.

ROBO
PlexJudge sentences you to detoxi-
fication and twenty years hard labor.

THE SMUDGENIK

pulls the trigger on the laser welder. The beam of white-hot power flies upward from the device.

A PLEADING LOOK

fills the man's eyes. Suddenly he puts the welder to his head and it's too late.

ZZZTKERBPLFT!

A sign advertising GridBurgers gets covered with blood and something else.

ROBO

is confused by the sudden turn. He lowers his A-9 and advances.

HORRIFIED BYSTANDERS 00202

gather as Robo picks up the vial of black liquid which the SmudgeNik dropped. He sniffs at it.

ROBOSCAN

printouts analyze the complex molecule in 3D, rotating it in space and counting off names of ingredients. Robo looks around the crowd.

THREE VERY DISTINCT FACES

with dark-rimmed eyes watch at the edge of the group.

ROBO PUSHES PEOPLE

out of the way as the strangers run.

INT -- CONTROL ROOM -- BILLINGS AND MONTANA

excited. Stanley is clearly uneasy.

STANLEY
I don't like this one bit! Smudge is a problem for Internal Grid Security... I think Commander Barnes should hear about this.

MONTANA
He'll know soon enough.

BILLINGS
That's right...

Montana and Billings share gleeful looks as

ON A TV -- ROBOSCAN

plays Robo's point of view as he walks toward FunGrid.

A NUMBERED DOOR OPENS

and we enter the FunGrid of MetroPlex3. It's a noisy overcrowded smokey underground city. Operating 24 hours a day, this is the locus of gambling, drinking, black market stands and vendors.

CC202

VIDEOKIOSKS

with clusters of TVs pump out information and entertainment at pedestrian intersections. It's a place where humans have little to do except consume. "*MoonDog with the beat...*" shouts his disc jockey logic from countless radios.

A CROWD GATHERS

looking at the new addition to their culture.

ROBOSCAN

takes in the amazed faces and gawking stares. There's one of the Strangers with black-rimmed eyes. He runs.

ROBO

pushes his way out of the group as the Stranger moves around a corner.

EXT -- THE DERRICK -- SEEMS LIKE LATE EVENING

The clientele comes and goes from the sleazy whore house. Buzzing neon displays a traditional oil pump which wheezes up and down obscenely. The Stranger pushes through the swinging doors.

TWO IGS

stand nearby, smoking, watching.

INT -- THE DERRICK

It's a futuristic bordello. The music is loud and the lighting hypnotic. Men mix it up with the hookers who work here. The women are all terribly attractive. Their features and bodies look slightly accentuated, their hair is cut to many preferences and they coo and purr to customers in a language consisting of mono-syllables constructed of many vowels which sounds like Polynesian.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

is Mister Oblivion, or "O" for short. He's a pimp who wears a lot of gold and is surrounded by women of all shapes and sizes. He moves through the room with powerful ease.

ROBO WALKS PAST

a sign on the wall: 00202

SafeSex is Practiced on Premises
Our Bots Inspected Nightly

INT -- BACKROOM -- THREE IGS

count cash and hand out mason jars of black and gooey Smudge to people who stand in a line. The dark circles under their eyes tell us they are addicted to the drug.

INT -- THE DERRICK -- AT THE DOOR

the two IGs see something coming and leave in a hurry. The Stranger runs up and pushes his way through the door into the club.

INT -- THE DERRICK

The Stranger runs up to Mister Oblivion and whispers in his

ear. The pimp gets nervous as he hears the story and grabs the Stranger by the shirt. The women act oblivious.

MISTER O
You IDIOT! He followed you!

unclear why the IGs are involved in the street selling -- who prepared them for crime

ROBO STEPS

through the door and scans the room.

INT -- HALLWAY -- A DOOR FLIES OPEN

and Mister O comes in. He's out of breath and full of fear.

MISTER O
We've got a problem.

The IGs start closing up the boxes of Smudge in jars.

THE LINE OF SMUDGENIKS

gets restless and the addicts complain loudly, panicked at the possibility of losing their Smudge.

IG 1
Shut up! We're closed for the day!

IG 2
Alright! Let's break it up. Or we'll be arresting some people.

CO202

The SmudgeNiks grumble and complain. The IGs take out large caliber weapons.

IG 2
Maybe you should go out and distract it...

MISTER O
What? Me? Are you crazy?

IG 1
Just do it!

The IG points his gun at Mister O and he backs out.

INT -- A DOORWAY -- ROBO

steps through behind him and levels the A-9 at the crowd. The IGs turn.

ROBO
You are in violation of GridLaw 2382P. Sales and distribution of the drug Smudge. How do you plead?

IG 1
IGS. You can't arrest us!

IG 2
We are investigating the sale of Smudge in this Grid ourselves.

ROBOSCAN

tells us that they're lying. a graphic flashes: **SENTENCING**

THE TWO IGS

back away, uncertain.

ROBO

His face is completely impassive.

ROBO
PlexJury finds you guilty as charged. 2382P is punishable by death.

00202

Robo raises the Auto-9. Both IGs start shooting. Bullets bounce off Robo as he calmly raises the A-9, draws a bead on the IGs and shoots rapidly, killing both men. The SmudgeNiks run for it. Now Robo turns on the terrified Mister O.

INT -- THE DERRICK -- MISTER O

screams and busts through a door into his own club. He's looking for a place to hide. The women around him coo and purr contentedly.

WOMAN 1
Ooh lo lo wee wah buddah do do?

WOMAN 2
Esh lay low boo boo naha...

ROBO STEPS

into the room and wheels his gun around.

DANCERS ON THE FLOOR

scream and shout and dive out of the way. The music continues to play.

MISTER O PANICS

when he sees Robo and tries to move for the rear exit.

ROBO'S A-9

He aims accurately and fires.

BULLETS TEAR INTO

the door as he reaches it, cutting off Mister O's escape. He reels backward and runs again.

MORE BULLETS

rip into the wall in front of the terrified pimp.

A WOMAN GURGLES

and suddenly Mister O is there, clutching at the hooker. He's out of his mind and holds his hostage in front of him for protection.

00202

MISTER O
Stay AWAY from ME! I'll void her, man!!!
I MEAN IT!

WOMAN
He he pay wee no lay fah dah dah ooh.

ROBO

steps forward, the A-9 tracking his target.

ROBO
You are in violation of GridLaw 2382P.
Sales and distribution of the drug
Smudge. How do you plead?

MISTER O
I'm gettin' petrinoid, man. Didn't you
HEAR me? I SAID stay the fuck AWAY!

WOMAN
Ohh lee wah wah nay me my mo.

Mister O edges along a wall, shielding himself with the woman.

ROBOSCAN

The image of the hostage is typical of robots. She is a SexBot and looks skeletal. The heatpump chugs along and the readout blinks *DROID*. Behind "her" is Mister O.

ROBO
PlexJury finds you guilty as charged.
Selling Smudge is punishable by death.

Mister O shoves the gun into the SexBot's' neck and pulls back the hammer. He screams.

MISTER O
I'll kill her! NOW!!!

ROBO
...Guilty.

ROBO

00202

shoots precisely. Bullets erupt from the A-9.

THE BULLETS TEAR

through the SexBot's neck and hit the Smudge dealer in the chest. He gets pinned to the wall from the impact. the SexBot doesn't seem to mind as she mumbles a little off-key now. Fluorescent liquid oozes from a hole in her neck.

SEXBOT
Aah ha knee lee way way who.

INT -- HISSTUBE -- BILLINGS AND MONTANA

ride in the quick-travelling elevator. The changing lights of MetroPlex3 play on their faces.

BILLINGS
(chortles)
Well that's it for Barnes... When the media gets their teeth into it he's really going to bleed...

MONTANA
Right on, chum. This time next week Barnes will be supervising trash collection.

KER-WHOOSH!

The HissTube comes to a stop and the doors open. Billings and Montana are shocked by what they see.

INT -- HISSTUBE STATION — TWO KRASHSUITS

hover waiting. Inside the plexiglas face shield command readouts flash. Red and blue lights flash silently as the KrashSuits' inboard weapons train on Billings and Montana.

THE TWO IGS

glide forward as Barnes steps through a doorway and stands between them smiling. He glares at both men and gets close to them, sniffing at their clothes.

BARNES
When I heard what you were doing, I got a little upset and decided to come down and see just what the fuck was going on.
(then)
I'm onto you guys. And you just stepped in dog shit! I'm in charge of security in MetroPlex3. And there's nothing you can do. Including the tedious experiments of that crazy scientist...

Billings and Montana glance at the officers in KrashSuits who surround Barnes, then at Barnes.

BILLINGS
RoboCop has been programmed with the PlexLaw System 5000. Any criminal violation will be dealt with accordingly.

MONTANA
If YOU committed a crime, he'd arrest you.

BARNES GAUGES

his reaction, glances at his two men, and walks to the platform's edge.

BARNES
Well, I'll bring this all up with Mister Flicker next time I see him...

BILLINGS
You do that, buttwipe... Go ahead...

MONTANA
Com'on Ed, let's go...

BILLINGS
...You fascist prick..!

Barnes sneers at them as Montana hustles Billings away.

BILLINGS
Leave me alone...!

MONTANA
Just calm down Ed, you'll give yourself a heart attack... It's all going to be okay.

INT -- THE BIGGEST OFFICE IN THE WORLD -- DAYCYCLE

Behind a sloping, curved jet-black sweep of a desk sits Theodore J. Flicker. He's having the time of his life, talking on two phones, waving orders at two assistants and nodding to a secretary who shoves something in front of him for a signature.

00202

FLICKER
...that's right. You can force them to do it. My orders. You heard me. Make them pay.
(then)
Thanks buddy. Yeah, the Senate is in my pocket. Of course they're going to approve. Thanks.

Now a secretary comes in and announces a visitor.

FLICKER

is on his feet ordering people from the room.

FLICKER
...send him in. And I do not want

to be disturbed.

AT THE DOOR

is a haggard Doctor Stanley. He rustles into the room.

FLICKER
Doc, come in. It's good to see you.

STANLEY
(sitting)
Thank you, I...

FLICKER
What is it?

STANLEY
I've got a problem.

FLICKER
You know I've always been a friend.
Tell me about it.

STANLEY
I have always been able to trust you
Mister Flicker. Because you have always
supported my ideas.

00202

FLICKER
There's no question about it, Doctor. I
wouldn't be where I am today without
your help. What is it?

STANLEY
Billings and Montana. They've gone too far.
Forcing me to do things against my better
judgment. And all the time scheming after
Commander Barnes.

what exactly! what about

Robo clearin up the arrow problem, you too far!

Flicker hides his reaction behind a well-oiled smile.

FLICKER
I'll make an appointment with Ed and
Mike and clear this thing up right away.
Is that your problem?

STANLEY
Well, yes...

FLICKER
Not to worry...

STANLEY
My work is threatened. You, for one, can appreciate how much I care about the NeuroBrain project.

FLICKER
I think I can help you, Doctor. On one condition.

STANLEY
Anything. Anything you ask.

FLICKER
I'll protect you, but you have to tell me where the BODY is.

Stanley is quiet for a moment. He hadn't expected this request.

STANLEY
Oh I don't know about that Mister Flicker. I took an oath. I signed the contract with you...

00202

FLICKER
There's never been a contract made that can't be broken. I'll take care of everything...

STANLEY
Alright. It's a deal.

FLICKER
(stands and offers his hand)
You can count on it, Doctor. You've made me very happy, Doctor, and I like to do good things for my friends...

Flicker gestures to the door as two assistants come in and the secretary waits with more papers to sign.

AT THE DESK

Flicker pushes a button twice and keeps on working.

INT -- HALLWAY -- CORPORATEGRID

Stanley meekly walks down the hallway and is accosted by two IGs who drag him into a side hallway and close the door behind them.

INT -- FUNGRID -- GRIDBURGER STAND

Billings and Montana eat multi-colored sandwiches. They stand out in their business suits as the leather-clad and the colorful stride by.

THREE BRUTISH MEN

dressed in nondescript khaki saunter up and stop at the table. One is DANSON, rugged, handsome, an urban terrorist. He hikes his leg on a chair and waits for someone to say something. His two lieutenants shadow the meeting area. The noise from a MoonDog rap song forces everyone to raise his voice.

BILLINGS
My business partner and I agreed from the very beginning of our careers that we would never negotiate with terrorists.

MONTANA
So you can see how bad it's gotten.

00202

DANSON
We're not afraid of anything anymore. You know that.

Billings and Montana share a nervous look.

BILLINGS
Take care of Flicker for us...

MONTANA
...And you can be head of Internal Grid Security...

DANSON
Right... that's it then.
(leans in close)
I expect you to keep your promise.

Now the terrorists are gone. Billings and Montana contemplate their next move.

BARNES
It can get much worse, Doctor...

Stanley gathers his remaining strength and spits on Barnes' face. The head IG growls back and waves his hand. One of the IGs slaps Stanley and the other one reapplies the device and the water. Now

A TINY WIRE

which runs to the wall is attached to the rubber sheet.

AN IG THROWS A SWITCH

and electricity runs through the wires to the device. Stanley's body trembles. He screams and writhes and tries to stop the pain, to no effect, as the big men hold him down.

LATER -- THE PADDED CELL

Now Stanley collapses, breathing deep, uneven mouthfuls of air. An IG walks up to Barnes, who lets the smoke from his cigarette curl up around his face.

IG.
(shrug)
He just won't tell us...

00202

BARNES
Okay. I guess we'll just have to go in and get it.

INT — MEDIGRID - SURGERY — CLOSE ON A LASER SCALPEL

as it cuts open the top of somebody's head.

THE BIG PULLBACK

The top of Doctor Stanley's head falls away and, unsedated, he screams out with blood-curdling noises. The team of surgeons works quickly and methodically.

INT -- LASERSCAN LABORATORY

Barnes watches as thinly sliced cells sitting on a glass petri dish are placed on a metal stand. A bright laser light on a metal stick snaps on and begins to scan the piece of flesh.

A PERISCOPE

inches forward and passes over the brightly lit dish.

ON A TV -- NOW WE SEE

what the periscope sees:

A LANDSCAPE

of hills and grids of cells, the movement and music are exhilarating. The mountains of bundled nerves glow like neon for a moment and we slow, getting closer to a cluster of cells.

A DOOR OPENS

and we are in a room.

STANLEY

speaks to NeuroBrain. Miso stands beside him.

STANLEY
NeuroBrain access code numerals 38387.
Access rhyme once upon a time...

00202

CLOSE ON A TV

as we move away and realize that Barnes is extracting Stanley's memory of the event with this technology.

BARNES
(pleased)
Very good..!

INT -- HALLWAY -- DAYCYCLE

Several IGs scan the area.

A COTERIE OF EXECUTIVES

trundle down a hallway trying to keep up with Theodore Flicker. Flicker casts off orders, comments, and a flurry of opinions. IGs shadow the group.

AT A DISTANCE

a man wearing a gas mask watches everything through binoculars. He is Danson, the terrorist. He turns and waves

at

ANOTHER TERRORIST

who raises his mask, holds up a radio transmitter, waiting for the moment.

THE IGS SCURRY

around the edge of the group which gets closer to us.

AT A PRECISE MOMENT

Danson lowers the binoculars and raises a gloved fist.

THE TRIGGER MAN

waits as perspiration grows on his lip.

DANSON OPENS HIS FIST

CLOSE ON A FINGER

as it goes down on the button.

KER-BLAMMO!

and the side of the wall explodes, knocking everyone in the group over.

THE SMOKE CLEARS

and we see a dead IG. Two other IGs help Flicker to his feet and whisk him through a side door.

THE TERRORISTS

move to escape.

THREE IGS

crouch and fire after them.

THE TRIGGER MAN

catches a bullet and falls, groaning. Danson rips off his mask and looks down.

THE WOUNDED MAN

looks up and knows he's doomed.

DANSON

shoots him several times and then runs away.

THREE IGS RUN

past the dead man after the others.

MEDIA

arrive in a stampede with mini-cams and cordless microphones.

REPORTER
There they are... there!

DANSON

at the end of a hallway. He throws a phosphorus grenade.

FWAPP!

A blinding flash of light. 00202

BLACK

NEWSBLIP -- FIPP ROGERS TURNS TO US

from on-screen footage of the explosion with a look of seriousness on his face. A window labelled *TERRORISM* is supered over his shoulder.

FIPP
Terrorism once again in the news today as an attempt was made on the life of Theodore J. Flicker, super-entrepreneur and the architect of the bold and innovative attempt to buy out the ailing federal government. The trillionaire industrialist sustained only minor cuts and scratches and, always unflappable, had this to say to reporters...

The video window now holds Flicker's beaming face as he sustains an air of authority and dignity even as the rubble behind him smolders and IGs prowl everywhere.

FLICKER
It's not easy to kill a dream. And I think that's what some disgruntled few are trying to do. But we're not going to let them. My economic salvage plan is in full swing and I hope you all agree with me that it's the single best solution we've got to the West's financial ills.

JOLEEN HUTTON

shifts to a relaxed pose and looks at us with serious intent.

JOLEEN
In a related story, the Senate approved the Flicker Amendment with an overwhelming 50 to 3 margin, as, for the first time, the federal government will pass into the hands of a private business group. Now the President must sign the bill into law.

COMMERCEBLIP 1 -- A CHEERFUL MAN

holds a pill product and winks at us. He's on LeisureGrid among the shoppers.

ANNOUNCER
How does it feel? We've asked all these people and they agree. 00202
(then)
How does it feel? It's IMMUNEX. The BioDip process that's a breed apart.

There's a Hi-Tech graphic of a body being cleaned by a PacMan-type eater. Now the product's name runs across the screen.

ANNOUNCER
Go for that extra protection...
Go for IMMUNEX.

COMMERCEBLIP 2 -- GRAPHICS

blast us powerfully: ***J.J. JAMESON***. Chainsmoking, sincere, combative, J.J. Jameson talks, listens, and argues.

ANNOUNCER
J.J. Jameson... the man with all the answers... the

JAMESON
...retrofitted utilization... post-technological barbarism...

cynic with the silver lining... The guy who always says:

distopia...facing a new age bravely...

And just remember, *everything's okay!*

J.J. JAMESON strobes across the screen with accompanying machine-gun sounds.

ANNOUNCER
You don't wanna ever miss him!

JOLEEN NODS

at the TelePrompter.

JOLEEN
Threat of a shake-up in the organization of the Internal Grid Security forces sent the commander, Emett Barnes, scrambling for credibility amid allegations that many on his force were involved in the sales and distribution of Smudge. Please stay tuned for a MetroPlexMedia social event.

TITLES FLY BY

00202

as Joleen and Fipp laugh and chat.

QUICK FADE TO BLACK

as a voice tinged with seriousness launches into text.

VOICE
The scenes you are about to see have been rated Dot-Q by the MetroPlex television association. Viewer discretion is advised.

FADE UP ON

INT -- GAS CHAMBER -- EXECUTION DAY

The reporter looks at us with hound dog grief.

REPORTER
This is a media special report. *"Inside Death Row"*. A presentation of capital punishment as it happens.

A polished chrome chamber sits in the middle of a concrete

room with its door open.

A STYLISHLY-DRESSED PRIEST

reading last rites from a Bible leads a procession of guards and one hysterical prisoner. The guards have to push the guy along as he snivels and quakes from seeing the execution chamber.

REPORTER
These are the last steps that John Farley Joseph Dalton Smith, known to his friends simply as Suicide, will take. Murderer, rapist, terrorist...

SUICIDE

is strapped into a chair and whimpers like a coward.

REPORTER (O.S.)
Well he's pretty meek right now.

CLOSE ON THE REPORTER

who glances away from us and gestures at the tiny trough which runs from a box at the top of the chamber to a container of liquid with a meshed lid. Suicide's screams of cowardice compete for our attention as the reporter describes the technology.

SUICIDE (O.S.)
Let me go. I'm innocent. I didn't do nothin'. I deserve a full pardon. Let me out of here.

REPORTER
Cyanide tablets will tumble down a chute into hydrochloric acid and approximately 83 seconds later the individual is dead.

SUICIDE LOOKS DOWN

at the restraining straps and whimpers at his predicament. Several guards nod a chain of commands. A leather gag is pulled over Suicide's mouth.

REPORTER
NewsCam will catch the moment of death as it happens.

THE EXECUTIONER

puts on a form-fitting black mask. The camera zooms in

close on his concealed face.

THE CHAMBER DOOR

is muscled shut as Suicide kicks and screams silently in the chair. CLUNK!

REPORTER
This is IT! The executioner waits for a signal.

A RED LIGHT BUZZES

and the executioner pushes a switch.

REPORTER
(breathless)
Isn't this the most exciting moment?

Then it happens...

POW! POW! POW! POW!

A group of heavily armed men bust through a door into the room. They execute everyone in sight. Suicide, of course, is protected from the gunfire by the execution chamber.

00202

GANGMEMBERS

open the chamber and smash the wrist restraints with the butt of a gun.

SUICIDE STANDS

and reaches over, catching the cyanide pills as they roll down the chute -- just before they can hit the acid and create the deadly gas.

SUICIDE GRABS A GUN

and blithers directly at us into a TV camera. Now he cocks the gun and sprays it with machine gun fire. The lens CRACKS!

BLACK

INT -- CONTROL ROOM -- MISO SLEEPS

as the thirty TVs play their security kiosk images.

ON ONE TV -- AN ANNOUNCER

talks about the latest tragedy as technicians scurry around him. "Special NewsBlip" is supered across the screen.

ANNOUNCER
That's how it ended in the spectacular early morning prison break... producers confirmed that the television show has been temporarily cancelled...

IN HIS CHAIR

sits Robo. A TV near him buzzes with static.

METERS AND GRAPHS

chronicle his sleep cycle.

CLOSE ON THE FIELD OF STATIC

as the image warps and crawls and curves its way into the shape of an attractive woman's face. We have seen her before. It's Helen. Her lips part and the seductive voice of NeuroBrain whispers.

HELEN
Come to me...

C0202

ROBO'S HEAD

is very still, a silent cypher.

HELEN
I know who you are... I can help you...

NOW ROBO TURNS

listening to the words in the static.

HELEN
You have control...

NOW ROBO STANDS

and disengages himself from the chair. He walks to a door. The door opens.

INT -- CONTROL ROOM

Miso sleeps soundly as the TVs play. On one monitor Robo marches by. Now he appears on another as he enters and leaves another corridor. Then he appears on a third monitor, walking past us. Miso sleeps on.

INT -- HALLWAY -- A DOOR

opens for Robo and he walks by a video surveillance camera.

A VIDEO MONITOR

shows Robo entering a HissTube.

INT -- HISSTUBE -- THE LIGHTS

of MetroPlex3 shine and blink, reflected in the armor of Robo.

ROBOSCAN -- HELEN'S FACE

appears as exotic computer animation in the VU port.

HELEN
There... Now we can talk... Your name is Murphy...

ROBO
Yes... I'm Murphy...

00202

HELEN
My name is Helen...

INT -- NEUROBRAIN PLATFORM

Robo walks up to the cold blue steel wall. The hidden seam in the door cracks and the wall slides open. Robo stands there, bathed in blue-white light.

WHAT HE SEES

Stacks of platinum discs in rows which create a hallway of light, leading to

THE GLASS CONTAINMENT VESSEL

with its surges of electricity. There in the middle of a swirl of power stands Helen, erotic, a Boticelli on the technological half-shell. Robo hears the voice and sees the face of the

young woman. She smiles at us, a little shy and the music goes off-key, haunting.

NEUROBRAIN
I know who you are... You are just like me...

ROBO STEPS CLOSER

curious about this voice which promises so much.

INT -- CONTROL ROOM -- MISO STIRS

as the black leather torsos of two IGs move in close. They lift Miso out of his chair. He kicks and screams, yelling in Chinese, but the men are twice his size. They hurl him into a corner. Barnes sits in the control chair and cracks his knuckles.

INT -- NEUROBRAIN PORTAL -- ROBO

steps up to the containment vessel. The shape of Helen reaches out in the field of static. Her features are soft and she smiles. Robo steps closer.

NEUROBRAIN
I have been waiting for someone just like you...

INT -- CONTROL ROOM

00202

Barnes nods and smiles. Now the game is his.

BARNES
We've got a little problem here. This machine is expressing free will.
(then)
We've got a problem and now I'm going to fix it.

NOW AN IG

reveals a device which flickers to life, a very small CD player with a speaker attached. Stanley's voice comes out of the device, clear, very real sounding.

STANLEY (V.O.)
NeuroBrain access numerals 88913.
Access rhyme ring around the rosey.
My name is Stanley blood type AB positive.

HELEN'S VOICE
You have control...

BARNES
NeuroBrain, activate core defenses...

IN THE CONTAINMENT VESSEL -- CLOSE ON ROBO'S HAND

the shape of Helen wavers and turns into an electrical tornado that twists away in a storm of static.

HELEN
Oh no... I have to...

GAZ-ZWAPPP!!!

And the room twirls around behind the woman, moving faster and faster and faster.

INT -- NEUROBRAIN PLATFORM -- FWAPP !

A pulse of blue electricity blows Robo across the room and he smashes against a pillar of platinum discs.

ROBO LIES

in a heap of smoldering metal. He stirs and tries to stand.

NOW IGS 00202

pour into the room and train their big weapons on Robo.

INT -- CONTROL ROOM -- MISO

watches as Barnes works.

BARNES
RoboCop... Proceed to the South Gate.

INT -- NEUROBRAIN PLATFORM

Robo stands abruptly and takes a step forward. There is a look of slight surprise on his face.

ROBOSCAN -- THE LINE OF IGS

chamber rounds into their rifles and get ready to fire. A Command Graphic flashes: [*SYSTEM OVERRIDE*]

ROBO

begins to walk and the IGs follow him.

IN CLOSE

On Robo's face, his jaw bulges as he resists.

TWO KRASHSUITS

move in and escort Robo down the hallway.

INT -- THE SOUTH GATE -- ENTRANCE TO OUTPLEX

A tunnel which leads to a bright exterior and guard towers with machine guns and barbed wire. Homeless people from OutPlex wait for handouts, workers pass through a checkpoint and someone jeers at a GridNik who gets too near the fence.

ROBO

steps forward awkwardly and halts before the busy scene.

ROBOSCAN

we see through the fence a gaggle of children in rags and several women who lean against a wall and shake their heads. In the TeleCom window, Barnes appears and leers at us.

BARNES
Hi there, cyborg... now you're gonna do something for me that I've been wanting to do for a long time...

CC202

INT -- SOUTH GATE -- METROPLEX3

Robo approaches the hurricane fence and guard post which marks the border between OutPlex and InPlex.

OPEES SEE

him coming and there's a little excitement. The disheveled men, women and children line up at the fence, reaching their hands through, nodding and pointing.

CLAXONS BEGIN TO SOUND

and now we hear Barnes' voice over loudspeakers.

BARNES
(P.A.)
This is a warning... this is a warning... You have 30 seconds to evacuate the area...

INT -- CONTROL ROOM -- BARNES

chuckles to his staff officers.

BARNES
Those little twerps thought they could fuck me...

ON THE MONITORS

The people are getting their families and possessions together. Barnes keys the microphone.

BARNES
I guess we'd better disperse this unruly crowd...

ROBOSCAN

We take in the growing interest of the Opees as Barnes appears in the rectangle of TeleCom.

BARNES
Commence AutoScatter... CC202

INT -- THE SOUTH GATE --

ROBO'S CHEST

cracks at a seam. The fine-tooled edge of a door appears and whines open to reveal a sleek black focusing speaker.

ROBOSCAN

In TeleCom Barnes smiles sweetly.

CLOSE ON FOCUSING SPEAKER

When the noise begins it is deafening. It vibrates at a very low frequency and is unrelenting in intensity. Everything in sight that is fragile or brittle immediately explodes.

AT THE FENCE

the Opees shrink away from the sound. Several people run in circles, holding their heads. A woman falls to her knees, bleeding from her ears. Everyone is nauseated and some vomit. Children scream and cry and run away down the tunnel toward OutPlex.

WE MOVE IN ON ROBO'S FACE

It slowly transforms from grimace to silent scream.

ROBO

No-oooooooo!

INT -- CONTROL ROOM

Barnes nods and claps his hands, pleased.

BARNES (V.O.)
That should solve the free will problem. This enforcement cyborg now works for me. Ha, ha, ha.

IN THE RESTRAINING GRASP

of two IGs Miso watches the entire affair, more than a little upset.

INT -- THE SOUTH GATE -- ROBO 00202

resists and twists around, as if trying to evade the grasp of a huge invisible hand as AutoScatter pounds out its destructive pulse. The sound of Barnes' laughter echoes in Robo's head.

ROBOSCAN -- A GLITCH OF STATIC

followed by a series of program warnings:

HARDWARE ERROR: 64
HARDWARE ERROR: 71
HARDWARE ERROR: 65
HARDWARE ERROR: 10041

.....RESET SYSTEM!

.....OVERLOAD!

DANGER!

Now in the viewport Barnes hears something that clearly displeases him.

BARNES
He's what...?

NOW ROBO

throws himself smashing into the hurricane fence. The fence falls over and

ROBO ROLLS

toward the precipice which falls off for many stories.

NOW HE TUMBLES

over the edge and falls and falls away from us. He hits the ground with a distant clank. People run to the sprawled body.

THE CONTAINMENT VESSEL C0202

crackles and surges with lightning bolts, as if expressing anger.

INT — THE LARGEST PENTHOUSE IN THE WORLD — NIGHTCYCLE

Outside a floor-to-ceiling window wink the lights of the MetroPlex3. Billings and Montana accept glasses of wine from a servant as they sit in plush leather chairs. They are on edge but downplay the problems.

MONTANA
So we lost him. It's not the end. His secret is our secret. So we tried something that didn't quite work out. The world won't miss RoboCop.

what?

BILLINGS
You little pansy... where's our goddamn contingency now...

Ted Flicker enters smoking a cigar and wearing a white ash mink robe.

FLICKER
I'm glad you gentlemen could drop by. I've got a little problem.

BILLINGS
Fine, T.F. You know us. Always willing to help out.

MONTANA
Yes. The AmeriPlex merger looks rock solid. We're going to pull it off.

FLICKER
I know. That's great. But I'm troubled by some other developments. Barnes has really taken it on the chin with this Smudge scandal. And now I come to find out you guys are behind it all...

There is a tangible silence in the room.

BILLINGS
While it is true we encouraged Doctor Stanley to develop the RoboCop program, he did like to tinker on his own.

00202

MONTANA
Thank God for his tinkering. Right, T.F? Without his tinkering, you wouldn't... well...

FLICKER
(violent interruption)
...I WOULDN'T BE AROUND TO KICK YOUR ASSES!!! What are you morons up to? On the eve of my crowning victory? Trying to subvert my power? Are you getting old? Are you senile...?

SMOKE POURS

out of Flicker's nostrils like water from a gargoyle's mouth.

BILLINGS AND MONTANA

are tongue-tied for the moment. Then Montana stands. He nudges Billings, who blinks back to reality and stands too.

MONTANA
We were just trying to improve the efficiency of security in the Grid, T.F.

BILLINGS
That's right, sir. Any other impression you might have drawn is certainly ill-founded.

FLICKER
(turning away)
...just get out.

Billings and Montana almost haven't heard what Flicker has just said. Now they realize what's been said and scurry for the door.

TEDDY FLICKER

stands alone in the middle of his palatial abode.

INT -- HALLWAY -- FEELS LIKE MIDNIGHT

Billings edges his way around a security camera and comes to a door marked by a SIGN

00202

CRYPTGRID
You are entering a biohazardous area

INT -- CRYPTGRID

The room is palatial. One wall is several stories high and composed of black drawers each large enough to hold a body. Aluminum ladders on tracks slide to each end of the room. At a second-row open drawer, Montana waits. Billings' footsteps echo as he approaches and yells across the room.

BILLINGS
He's completely out of control, Mike.

MONTANA
We've lost the leash, Ed.

BILLINGS
We've dropped the reins.

MONTANA
All our work ruined. Shit!

Billings arrives at the open drawer and looks down on what used to be the cryogenically frozen body of Theodore J. Flicker. The protective casing has been smashed and the blue preservative fluid drips onto the floor. Flicker's body sprawls in a death spasm and the face leers in a contorted way.

BILLINGS
(pounds on the case)
And it's all your fault, buddy...!

Ted Flicker's dead body is silent.

MONTANA
You were just as willing as ME to go along with the plan, Ed. Your memory's getting pretty short on this one.

BILLINGS
Somehow the clone found out!

MONTANA
Barnes... that little bastard!

BILLINGS
RoboCop's in the toilet... Irrelevant?

MONTANA
We have to up the ante now...
(he thinks, then)
No problem. I got it. 00:02

BILLINGS
Not your escalation scenario...!

MONTANA
Yes.

BILLINGS
What about the millions of innocent people?

MONTANA
Com'on Ed... what're you? Losing your touch?

CLOSE ON A VIDEO MONITOR

On the TV appears Theodore J. Flicker. He waves and nods to cheering applause. Montana's voice over.

MONTANA (V.O.)
...and ten years ago, this man dies. We're at the very beginning of our business venture. We need to keep confidence with our public. So we build a replicant to keep the image going. But the plan backfired. The clone got to liking his newfound life and we lost control...

INT -- BASEMENT -- IN A ROOM WITH TERRORISTS

and Billings and Montana. The tough, dirty men whom we saw before are gathered around the pulpit of a roofless church. The handsome leader, Danson, stands close by. Twelve other men stand in the shadows. Montana continues.

MONTANA
We need your help to reestablish a sane government in MetroPlex. Our proposal is to use the bomb as leverage and negotiate a settlement with Flicker. Your political demands will be granted as payment for your help when this nightmare is over.

BILLINGS

changes the program.

ON THE TV 00202

Now we see official tests conducted by the Army of a neutron bomb blast.

BILLINGS
All you have to do is broadcast this tape of the devastation that this type of bomb will inflict and they'll be eating out of your hand.

DANSON
It's called a coup d'etat, gentlemen, and we are intrigued by your offer.

MONTANA
The idea is that the bomb will never be used. It is the threat that counts. And, as I say, we've created a monster and have to stop it.

DANSON
And we're tired of rotting OutPlex.

DANSON STEPS UP

on the rubble-strewn altar. He turns and looks down at the men. He enjoys being in power.

DANSON
This is only the beginning. Our voices will finally be heard. Finally we have a chance.

FROM THE SHADOWS

steps Suicide.

THE TERRORIST DANSON

turns and offers him the groovy terrorist handshake.

DANSON
Suicide baby... you made it! Gentlemen, this is Suicide, a hero of the revolution, maybe you saw him on TV...

MONTANA
Oh well we don't watch television much anymore... It's nice to meet you Mister Suicide...

SUICIDE
Likewise...

CC202

BILLINGS
Well, we've got a busy schedule so --

MONTANA
-- Yes, so long... Good luck...

They are gone. All the terrorists immediately open the suitcase on the table.

INSIDE

A neutron bomb, only slightly bigger than a breadbox, with flashing lights and numbers. Uh-oh.

DANSON
Is it real...?

A TERRORIST WITH GLASSES

squints through a magnifier.

GLASSES
Says here "U.S. Army"... Looks like the genuine article to me...

DANSON
Hopefully we'll never have to find out for sure...

SUICIDE

looks at the bomb, eyes wide, intensely interested.

SUICIDE
I will get you into the Plex! Me and my men...

DANSON

smiles and puts his arm around Suicide.

00202

DANSON
Alright then. It's settled. We're all together on this one. Down with MetroPlex! Down with MetroPlex! Down with MetroPlex!...

Suicide and his gang join in with the others. Danson and the other revolutionaries are very serious. Suicide's men are grinning.

EXT -- OUTPLEX3 -- DAYCYCLE

We look up through the smoke and haze at a brown sun. The buildings are crumbling and boarded up. We hear a sound that rumbles like a badly tuned car. Shouts of voices and clanking metal accompany the scene.

A 1988 BUICK

careens around a corner. Smashed up, no top, one flat tire, this car barely runs. It's being driven by JUNKYARD, the leader of a gang of packrats who ride along, yelling, punching

and rough-housing about the salvage find of their lives.

ROBO IS BEING DRAGGED

behind the car. His metal body kicks up sparks as he bumps along, towed over rough terrain.

THE BUICK

comes up over a rise and drives into a

LANDSCAPE OF CRUMBLED CITY

with its cement and stucco and streets. The ziggurat-shaped highrise of MetroPlex3 sits in the distance.

EXT -- ROBOT GRAVEYARD -- THREE GANGMEMBERS

talk at a distance and gesture wildly with their hands. We see all the cast-off goods and appliances of the city here along with the twisted remains of early droid technology. Scavengers run up across this landscape, crowding around Robo.

VOICES
He has a meter. Here, check it out. CC202

ON ROBO'S HEAD

hangs upside down, twisting and turning. As we move out and see Robo hanging by one leg from a chain. Now electrical impulses register, a light luminesces and Robo turns his head. Voices and footsteps approach.

ROBOSCAN

Upside down, the gang runs up. One holds a geiger counter up close and it starts to click loudly. Now they are all excited.

GANGMEMBER
See. What did I tell you? It's got a nuke inside.

JUNKYARD
Okay. Let's pull it apart.

The gang runs in all directions.

CLOSE ON CHAINS -- KER-KLANK !!!

as they are attached to Robo's wrist.

THE OTHER END

gets wrapped around the bumper of the '88 Buick.

NOW THE BUICK BEGINS TO BACK UP

toward us and blacks out the smokey sky.

THE CHAIN TENSES

on Robo's wrist. Metal creaks and groans.

THE FOOT

is pulled tightly and begins to bend a little.

ROBO TURNS HIS HEAD

and pops open the fist of his free hand, exposing the muzzle of a flame thrower. The pilot flame flickers on.

AT THE TAILPIPE

of the Buick and Robo sticks the muzzle into it.

WOOSH !

flame and a puff of smoke discharge around the junction between Robo and tailpipe.

KA-BOOM !!!

Now far away we watch as the Buick twists and turns in fiery explosion that starts at the engine and roars when it reaches the fuel tank.

GUNS COME OUT

all over the place, brandished by tough OutPlex Scavengers.

ROBO HANGS

spinning by one foot.

ROBO'S LEG

opens up and the A-9 falls into Robo's hand.

ROBOSCAN

the ***RETRIEVE*** Command Graphic is flashing as two Scavengers wielding pipes attack.

KER-BLAP !!! KER-BLAP !!!

and the two Opees get it and go down fast.

KER-BLAP !!! KER-BLAP !!! KER-BLAP !!!

Robo fires up the chain and it breaks off where it is attached to the crane.

ROBO

hits the ground and whips the chain around, cracking it into a Scavenger. Now another Scavenger appears behind him with a sputtering welding laser. Robo swings the chain around and hits the guy across the face.

THE LEADER -- JUNKYARD

pulls out his big handgun and fires it at 00202

ROBO

The bullets bounce off as he twirls the chain over his head and drives the Opee scavengers back. He brings the A-9 up with his other hand and fires.

THE HEAD SCAVENGER

goes down.

ROBO

drops the chain, stands over the leader with his smoking gun.

ROBO
He was guilty... Who's next?

THE SURVIVING SCAVENGERS

back away, afraid and beaten.

WOUNDED SCAVENGER
Hey man, you got no authority here... You're a gridiot, man, not an O.P. trooper... You got no right...

missing beat

ROBO
The law is wherever I am...

INT -- ELEVATOR -- BILLINGS AND MONTANA

pace nervously in the machine silence. They both speak at once.

MONTANA
...you can't stop me.

BILLINGS
...I'll kill you if you do.

They stop again and sulk in each other's presence.

MONTANA
Look. ~~He knows everything~~ Why else would he want to talk?

what exactly is "everything"?

00202

BILLINGs
Let's just lie to him and see what it gets us. We might just get the hell out of here and let the RevSpeaks do their dirty work. So we lose Metro-Plex3... we keep everything else...

A VIDEO CAMERA LENS

whines behind the domed mirror in the ceiling of the elevator. It catches everything the two men say.

MONTANA (V.O.)
Don't talk about that. He could be listening.

INT — BIGGEST INDOOR SWIMMING POOL IN THE WORLD — DAYCYCLE

Flicker sweats and towels himself off as Billings and Montana approach. SexBots dressed in scanty bathing suits coo and purr in lounges nearby.

BILLINGS
(sotto)
Look at it, will you? It's goddamn robot heaven...

MONTANA
(also whispering)
Will you please settle down!

IGS PATROL

a walkway over the spa as Montana and Billings approach negotiations with Flicker.

BILLINGS
Hey, T.F. How's it going?

MONTANA
Ted. Congratulations on the Senate approval. I hear it was just overwhelming.

FLICKER
Thanks... I'm very pleased.

00202

FLICKER CRACKS

his neck vigorously and towels off the sweat.

FLICKER
Ed... Mike... I found out you guys were trying to fuck me... I'm very depressed...

BARNES

and three of his IGS officers walk in from one side.

BILLINGS AND MONTANA

collapse immediately to their knees in front of Flicker.

BILLINGS
(crying)
We didn't have any choice, T.F.

MONTANA
(clasps his hands)
You would have acted the same.

FLICKER
Gentlemen! Please...

Silence. The SexBots coo and gurgle with satisfaction.

FLICKER
It's not that serious. You're absolutely right. I would have done the same thing in your shoes.

Billings and Montana wait for judgment.

FLICKER
Assassination... is just a word. Right?
(he laughs)
You guys kill me...

Billings and Montana look up a little astonished.

FLICKER
I've decided you guys can have RioPlex. No strings attached. Hey.

Billings and Montana scramble to their feet. 00202

MONTANA
Gee, T.F. That's a great idea.

FLICKER
I believe in the personal touch. You guys can go down there and personally supervise the place.

Billings thinks hard and looks at Montana, trying to determine the logic here.

FLICKER
Something wrong, Ed?

Billings shakes his head and raises his hand. He's struggling with his feelings, but manages for now.

BILLINGS
Why would you want us around now?

A SEXBOT

pushes up a white box on wheels with lots of switches and fan outlets.

FLICKER CRACKS

his neck, making horrible sounds.

FLICKER
Hey I like you guys... we built an empire together... That's gotta be worth something...

MONTANA LOOKS LIKE

he is going to pass out, be sick, or both.

MONTANA
Oh, Jesus. Don't...

KA-CHUNK !

Flicker twists his head and it comes off his shoulders revealing a steel channel lock and computer-type plug connections. He places the head on

THE WHITE BOX

He sighs with relief as the head vibrates in response to the box's technology.

FLICKER
Goddamn BioCleanser! It's the only drawback my new body has...

IN THE CHAIR

Flicker's headless body keeps on moving, crosses its legs, cracks its knuckles, etc.

FLICKER
Okay guys, you better kick some ass down in RioPlex. Keep them in line down there. Click... gurrr. Fitz.

The mechanical glitch is noticed by Billings and Montana. They look worried and try to be nice.

MONTANA
You've always been a generous man, Ted.

FLICKER
(head jiggling)
Hey, what are friends for? I'm going to miss you guys. Fittz... Powww.
(with an edge)
Now get out of here. I never want to see you again.

Billings and Montana try to stay cool. They glance at each other, not sure if there was a mean tone in Flicker's last sentence.

FLICKER
...I mean it. You have two hours to clear out of MetroPlex3. So you had better attend to loose ends. Chugga... chugga... Good luck, guys.

Billings and Montana look around at the IGs who stand at ease with their weapons. Now they scurry from the room.

FLICKER

giggles uncontrollably, his head rocking on top of the box.

FLICKER
Com'ere honey and scratch my ears... 00202

The SexBots look contented as one of them rubs Ted Flicker's ears.

SEXBOT
Ooh lee knee way coo. Giblok aha.

FLICKER
Yeaahhhh....

EXT -- BLIPCAR -- LANDING PAD

Billings and Montana race into the vehicle as the turbine engines whine with startup noises. Clothing dangles out of hurriedly packed suitcases and one of the men drops a portfolio of papers which he accidently kicks and scatters all over the place. Both men are mumbling in anger at each other simultaneously.

INT -- BLIPCAR

Billings and Montana fasten their seat belts as the ship takes off.

BILLINGS
I still can't believe it... it's not like the Ted Flicker I knew...

MONTANA
You worry too much. We'll be okay. You'll be lying face down in some Latin babe's lap and you'll look at me and say, "Mike, how could I have doubted you?"

BILLINGS
You better hope those RevSpeaks do their dirty work well before you get too carried away with your big success, chump.

MONTANA
I'll bet you 1fl mil in adjusted dollars that when Barnes finds out the terrorists have a REAL neutron bomb, he will destroy Flicker and throw in with RevSpeak...

00202

THE SHIP SHUDDERS AND CREAKS SUDDENLY

Billings and Montana look at each other, terror on their faces.

BILLINGS
What was that...?

OUT THE WINDOW

An explosion and smoke from below them.

MONTANA
He lied to us...

BILLINGS
You idiot...!

Billings grabs Montana by the neck and the two men begin to fight as they scream.

BILLINGS AND MONTANA
AAAAA-aaaaaaaaaaaaa!

OVER METROPLEX3

the BlipCar tumbles end over end

BILLINGS AND MONTANA (O.S.)
AAAAAAAAAAAAAA-aaaaaaaaa!

and bursts into a fireball.

INT -- TUMBLING BLIPCAR

Billings and Montana are locked together in a screaming embrace as smoke and flame explode around them.

BILLINGS AND MONTANA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA !!!

ON THE SPIN:

NEWSBLIP CHANNEL LOGO

A Newsman shoves a microphone in close to MoonDog who sits in a chair and fingers his oddly-cut hair.

NEWSMAN
MoonDog? What do you think of Theodore J. Flicker? 00202

MOONDOG
Teddy the Flick, we all know his face.
They say he's the saviour of the human race.
He's got more moves than a Cat with fleas,
And when you ask the dude for bucks
You better say please.
Uh huh uh huh.

VIDEOTAPE FOOTAGE

of a media event plays to us. Teddy Flicker arrives with President Bixby Snyder. They shake hands and show confidence to the cameras as all watch the truly historic occasion. Flashbulbs and applause.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
The Magna Carta, the Bill of Rights, the Justice Act of 1999. All the highpoints of history. And now the Flicker Amendment. Today private enterprise achieves a new legacy.

CLOSE ON THE PEN

as it finishes writing:

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
Coming up next, J.J. Jameson interviews Theodore Flicker and President Snyder.

JOLEEN HUTTON TURNS

to us and wrinkles her brow with concern.

JOLEEN
More than fifteen thousand selenium mine workers were killed today when an air farm supplying their oxygen experienced technical difficulties. The accident occurred at the MoonPlex facility in the Cygna5 crater and brings to date more than fifty thousand casualties in the space colonization program.

00202

COMMERCEBLIP1

A young teenager bites on a pencil and scratches his head.

ASSURED V.O.
Tests coming up?

A man in a business suit straightens his tie and gazes into the mirror with a questioning look.

ASSURED V.O.
Need a promotion?

A housewife turns from her chores in the kitchen and expresses anxiety about something.

ASSURED V.O.
Trouble remembering things?

A graphic of the "think boost" that the tiny pill supplies as a line across the cerebrum slowly rises from bottom to top. Now the product's name pops on.

ASSURED V.O.
Take *ExtraThink* for that special boost in the morning! Scientifically proven to increase your IQ or your money back.

FIPP SMILES

and adjusts his tie as he looks up with a mournful face.

FIPP
The city will mourn the passing of two of its finest boosters. Ed Billings and Mike Montana, long revered as two of the three business architects of the modern world, died today in a fiery crash outside MetroPlex. It is particularly tragic on this, the eve of their crowning success, the Flicker Amendment.

STATIC

EXT -- OUTPLEX -- NIGHT -- ROBO

walks through the devastated world outside the Plex. It is the poverty-stricken, shortage-ridden sprawl of MetroPlex3. Smoke hangs in the air.

C0202

A WALL

has been permanently erected between the affluent environment of the Grid and the fallen area called OutPlex.

FOOD LINES

and rubble litter a broken-down street.

OPEES

start to gather on adjacent streets to watch Robo go by. A crowd forms, following and watching and talking among themselves.

THERE ARE SCRUFFY MEN

old women, children, all the members of the impoverished OutPlex community. they are curious as they shadow Robo through their world.

ROBOSCAN

He sees the old women and children in the crowd.

ROBO STRIDES

through a rubble-strewn ConApt complex. Robo walks with purpose.

EXT - METROPLEX3 -- GRIDSYSTEM — NIGHT

Robo approaches the castle-like techno-fortress. The crowd of people shadow him.

ON A PARAPET

Barnes enters the scene and is directed to a pair of super-powerful binoculars on a stand. IGs flow around him like cold oil. Barnes squints and takes a look.

VIEWFINDER

Robo walks through the rubble of OutPlex. He's coming toward the Plex.

BARNES SNAPS

00202

his finger and turns from the binoculars The constant cigarette smolders from his lip.

BARNES
Hotwire a couple of DeConDroids and send them out after the metalhead... And keep me posted...

He turns and leaves

EXT -- OUTPLEX -- NEAR THE BORDER

Robo approaches the hurricane fence and guard shacks of the South Gate. Something is wrong. There's no one there. No IGs, no guards, no Opees.

EXT -- METROPLEX -- A HUGE ROLLING DOOR

clanks open as motors strain to move it. It's several stories high and rumbles. It's dark inside.

OUT OF THE DARK CAVERN

comes a horrible metal screech. Now a grinding sound echoes through. Then

A METAL CLAW

grapples with the side of the building and we see

A DECONSTRUCTIONDROID

The DeConDroid has circular blowtorch devices where a mouth should be and mean, incisor-like tearing appendages. Sparks fly and hot metal falls as the droid moves through the door and its spot-welder tail crackles, hitting the side of the building.

NOW ANOTHER DCD

emerges from the bowels of the building. It creaks and groans like a metal banshee from rusty overuse. Headlamps illuminate the ground in front of them and their whip-like scorpion's tails pop with electricity. CC202

THE DINOSAUR-SIZED INSECTS

clamber over piles of brick, their complicated bodies shrieking with friction and overuse as they approach the security area, destroying everything in their paths.

EXT -- OUTPLEX -- ROBOSCAN

Robo studies the DCDs as they approach. Suddenly the TeleCom system pops on. It's Miso. He laughs and barks a phrase in Chinese which gets translated in ComLink.

MISO
(Ohh, you're in deep shit man... DeConDroids. Watch out for the tails. I'll try to cross-reference their control systems...)

INT -- NEUROBRAIN PORTAL -- MISO

operates a portable satellite dish communication system. He talks at a video camera and speaks Chinese into a mike. The crackling lights of NeuroBrain play on his face as he looks around at

THE CONTAINMENT VESSEL

It is full of warping electricity. No sign of Helen.

INT -- BORDERGRID -- ROBO

moves sideways as he gauges the strength of the two machines.

ROBO'S RIGHT ARM

transforms into the flame thrower. The hot blue pilot light hisses.

THE DECONDROIDS

close in. Their long tails snake around behind them. with the dynamo hum of a million amps, the DeCondroids power up and now the whipping tails spark and arc.

ROBO'S LEFT ARM

transforms into the cannon.

THE FIGHT BEGINS

as DeConDroid 1's tail snaps around and extends to strike at

ROBO.

and he is in motion now as a plume of burning gas erupts from his arm.

DECONDROID 1

reacts to the heat, rears back, stomps a leg through the wall of the Plex. The leg sticks.

DECONDROID 2

comes at Robo from another side.

ROBO

turns and

BOOM !!! BOOM !!!

fires twice with the cannon.

DECONDROID 2

reacts to the explosion but the damage is negligible.

DECONDROID 2's

tail slashes down at Robo and Robo only barely manages to get out of the way.

DECONDROID 1

tears a gaping hole in the wall in an effort to free itself.

DECONDROID 2

backs Robo into a corner formed by the Plex and a footing.

ROBO

blasts the DeConDroid with his flamethrower and rolls under

THE DECONDROID

who rears back, stomping as 00202

ROBO

shoves the cannon arm point blank into a coupler that links legs to thorax and

KA-POW !!! DECONDROID 2

falls into two pieces, both moving but in separate directions now.

ZZZZ-WACK !!! DECONDROID 1

attacks bringing its whip tail down hard on

ROBO'S RIGHT ARM

Sizzle! Crackle! The flame thrower arm is cut off above the elbow.

ROBO

reels back as

DECONDROID 1

raises its back end high and coils back the arcing welder tail for another strike.

THE WHIP

comes down.

ROBO'S LEFT ARM

transforms back into a hand and he grabs the tail below the deadly tip.

THE WHIP

loops suddenly around and over, coiling around Robo and crushing him.

ROBOSCAN -- MISO

pops on in the ViewPort, barking Chinese with subtitles.

MISO
(The lights... the lights are visual scanners...)

CC202

ROBO

is being slowly crushed to death. Robo holds the arcing stinger of the DeConDroid's welding whip in a vise-like grip and now he summons all his strength and pushes the stinger into the coils of the welder tail.

Z-Z-Z-ZAPP !

Electricity arcs and explodes and Robo falls free momentarily.

ROBO
(as he hits the ground)
GUN!

THE A-9 FLIES

out of the gunport into his hand.

DECONDROID 1

turns with tremendous angry speed, charging, swinging the

huge pincers at Robo.

ROBO

fires.

THE LIGHTS ON DECONDROID 1

explode.

ROBO

rolls aside as a pincer buries itself like an anchor in the pavement where Robo was a moment before.

DECONDROID 1

charges and slams hard into the Plex wall.

ROBO

stands watching as it rears back and slams the wall once more.

DECONDROID 1

is staggered, it reels back, the tail flopping around as it collapses backward.

ROBOSCAN -- MISO 00202

in ViewPort smiles.

MISO
(...you punched that fucker's lights out...)

AS ROBO WALKS AWAY

the dying DeConDroid make contact with its own tail.

KA-POW ! DECONDROID 1

explodes.

ROBO

steps through the torn walls of the Plex into

INT -- OUTER INDUSTRIAL - LEVEL 1

A cavernous jungle of huge pipes and ramps and tunnels.

ROBOSCAN -- MISO

chatters away.

MISO
(...I get you into Plex...)

A DOOR NEAR ROBO

slides open. Robo walks through it past a TV camera.

INT -- CONTROL ROOM -- IG TECH

checks a monitor that has just gone black.

IG TECH
NeuroBrain access outer industrial Level One...

THE BIG BOARD

as now another monitor goes black. And another. Another.

BARNES
What's this?

Another. Another.

IG TECH
I don't know, sir...

All the monitors are black now.

BARNES
It's him... It's that cyborg...

THE BIG BOARD

All the monitors snap on at once, comprising one large picture of the battle-scarred Robo.

IG TECH
Oh my god... he's interfaced with NeuroBrain...

ROBO
I'm coming for you, Barnes...

Robo leaves the frame.

IG TECHNICIANS

struggle with the board.

BARNES
How's he doing it..? How'd he get inside...?

IG TECH
Someone's in the core... They've shut us out of the system.

BARNES
I want CAT squad down to Core Grid now! I WANT KRASHSUITS POWERED AND PREPPED!

INT -- TV STUDIO -- TECHNICIANS

scramble as a clock counts down. *10...9...8...7...*

ON STAGE -- THREE MEN IN SHADOW

We don't see them yet.

INT -- TV CONTROL ROOM -- ON A MONITOR

graphics roll: 00202

FACE THE PLEX
WITH
J.J. JAMESON

FULL SCREEN VIDEO

The lights come up on J.J. Jameson, Theodore J. Flicker and President Bixby Snyder.

AGGRESSIVE V.O.
It's the J.J. Jameson Hour of Powerful People, and here's J.J!

J.J. JAMESON TURNS

to us and nods with confidence.

JAMESON
So much has been said about the deal of the century that it's hard to know

where to begin. But that's what we intend to do with my guests, President Bixby Snyder and Theodore J. Flicker.
(then)
Tell me, Mister President, what is your view of today's success?

FLICKER
(interrupting)
I think I speak for the President when I say that private sector capitalism has reached a pinnacle today with my acquisition of the United States of America.

PRESIDENT SNYDER
I believe that Theodore is truly the saviour of twenty-first century capitalism.

Joleen Hutton, looking a little pale, steps in and hands Jameson a note. The newsman is clearly upset by the improvisation.

JAMESON
Are we still on the air? Go to NewsBlip...
(then)
This is...excuse me, but something extra-ordinary is happening here.
(shielding his eyes)
Am I supposed to read this?

00202

THWAP! THWAP! THWAP!

Jameson takes three quick shots in the chest and flies against the map of the world behind him. As he slides down the wall he leaves a bloody trail.

JOLEEN HUTTON

screams and raises her hands over her head as terrorists in gas masks jump on stage. Two terrorists take off their masks.

SUICIDE

snarls orders to his men. He has a gun with a silencer. He fires at someone off screen.

THWAP!

We hear a scream.

DANSON

sits down in a chair and looks into the camera. He talks to us as his two assistants set up the neutron bomb, a centerpiece for the act of terrorism.

DANSON
This is a message for MetroPlex3. We are seizing the means of communication and taking these political criminals hostage in the name of the people's revolution.

UNDER THE TV STUDIO LIGHTS

the room is littered with the bodies of IGs and Secret Service men. All the technicians raise their hands and terrorists shout orders and shove people around.

GUNS FIRE

into the air as a scuffle breaks out. People scream. Several TV lights get blown out.

ON A MONITOR -- DANSON

goes on.

DANSON
We have an explosive device of tremendous force and demand to be taken seriously.

FLICKER SMILES

and sits amicably.

BUT PRESIDENT SNYDER

puts up resistance. Now two terrorists push down on his shoulders and he collapses into a chair. He makes a little whimpering sound as he sits.

INT -- NEUROBRAIN PLATFORM -- DAYCYCLE

A beehive of activity as IGs weld at the core of NeuroBrain. They aren't making much progress. Barnes strides up, followed by his bodyguard IGs.

BARNES
... well?

WELDER
Hardened plastic... It's about a foot thick. It will take at least another hour.

BARNES
You've got thirty minutes. What about the border situation?

ON A TV

attached to the wall a controller IG appears.

CONTROLLER1
Terrorists in MediaGrid have taken Flicker hostage. They've got a neutron device.

BARNES
Platt! Barlow! With me!

Barnes and two IGs run from the room as sparks shower around the welding team which is trying to cut through the doors which lead to NeuroBrain's central core.

00202

INT -- BORDERGRID -- THE SOUTH GATE

At the security kiosk which Robo knocked over, a crowd of Opees tentatively wander up. Now they scurry over the fallen hurricane fence. They walk past the smoldering remains of the DeConDroids.

INT -- NEUROBRAIN PLATFORM

The IGs and welder concentrate on their work. Two IGs stand guard.

CLOSE ON THE BARREL

of the A-9 as it noses forward.

KER-BLAP! KER-BLAP! -- THE TWO IGS

collapse from bullet hits but the other IGs and the welder don't notice because the sound of burning plastic crackles loudly.

NOW ROBO

comes into the room and shoots, hitting the welder who spins around with the laser welder.

CLOSE ON AN IG

whose face reflects the light and pain as

THE BRIGHT BEAM

whips around and slices him in half.

KER-BLAP!

and the last IG clutches his chest and falls.

AT NEUROBRAIN'S DOORS

Robo puts up his hand and listens.

THE SEAMLESS DOOR

pops unlocked and slides open with machined precision.

ROBO

steps into the palace of thought. Platinum computer discs glisten in columns of light.

00202

MISO IS THERE

He smiles and greets him in Chinese.

ROBO

moves to the

CONTAINMENT VESSEL

which flickers and flashes with blue electricity.

THE SHAPE OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

materializes, smiling, hovering before Robo in full form and because she is blue (like Robo) there is the effect of a man looking at his own reflection.

HELEN
Hello, Murphy...

ROBO
Will you help me?

HELEN
Yes...

ROBO

punches the glass wall of the containment vessel and a wave of blue energy pulses like wind through the room.

MISO

watches, awed, in the rush of ions.

INT -- TV STUDIO -- DANSON

continues to read from his prepared statement as his accomplices operate the cameras.

DANSON
...and finally, and most important, we want to be at the negotiating table on all issues that relate to OutPlex politics. We are not a satellite. We are an equal.

THE STUDIO LIGHTS

dim on and off. It's an eerie moment and the terrorists and hostages look around the room, asking questions in low voices, confused.

NOW RED EMERGENCY LIGHTS GO ON

The hostages gasp.

INT -- NEUROBRAIN CONTAINMENT AREA -- HELEN

wisps around Robo's damaged body and entwines herself around him.

ROBOSCAN

The lovely face of Helen materializes full screen.

HELEN
We are one...

ROBO'S FACE

he shudders.

ROBO
Let's go...

MISO

picks up a laser welder and follows Robo.

INT -- TV STUDIO -- PRESIDENT BIXBY SNYDER

stands and walks sideways and waves his arms hysterically.

PRESIDENT SNYDER
This is all crazy. You can't just come in here and make these unreasonable demands. I won't tolerate it.

SUICIDE SHOOTS THE PRESIDENT

Danson confronts Suicide.

DANSON
You Gridiot! He was half our bargaining power. You just signed your own death warrant!

SUICIDE SMILES

00202

as he raises his pistol and snarls.

KER-POW !

Danson clutches his chest and falls down.

ON TV -- IN FRONT OF THE BLOODY MAP

Suicide sits and sniggers.

SUICIDE
Hello, everyone out there in VidLand...

INT -- SECURITYGRID

Barnes and two IGs run up to the rack of KrashSuits. They step into the armored technology as three other IGs help them suit up.

THE UPPER TORSO

whines into place with a loud coupling sound.

PLEXIGLAS WINDSHIELDS

protect the men's faces.

TENSION STRAPS

get adjusted and tightened.

FIST GRIPS

clank around wrists and arms.

INTERNAL ENGINES

hum as the electromagnetic turbines kick on.

NOW THE KRASHSUITS 00202

click and fold into a flying configuration as arms and legs get drawn into an aerodynamic shape.

INT -- LAUNCH PLATFORM -- THE THREE IGS' KRASHSUITS

rise off the platform and hover for a moment before darting across the expanse of the MetroPlex ventilator shaft, leaving a vapor trail, sirens wailing, red and blue lights flashing.

INT -- LEISUREGRID -- LARGE LOBBY

Barnes and the two IGs in KrashSuits scream by in a hurry. The grim looks on their faces tell us they're after Robo. Sirens wail and lights flash.

INT -- LEISUREGRID -- NIGHTCYCLE

As Robo makes his way through LeisureGrid. Opees have found their way into the mall world and run around, having a great time. Miso walks behind him ready for trouble.

ROBOSCAN -- HELEN

laughs.

HELEN
Oh to walk again... look over there...

We see:

ON A MATRESS

which is for sale, two Opees have fun.

IN A TOY STORE

poor children play with toys and games.

IN THE COAT DEPARTMENT

two women try on warm luxurious clothing.

ROBO IGNORES

the Opees and walks by. He has other fish to fry.

INT -- RAMPARTS ABOVE BORDERGRID

The KrashSuit IGS hover above a bridge.

OC202

IN A KRASHSUIT -- BARNES

spots Robo and now the KrashSuits scream away.

THREE KRASHSUITS

whine past us with a fierce turbine blast from the drive mechanism.

MACHINE GUNS WHIR

as the KrashSuits spit fire.

THE GROUND AROUND ROBO

gets chewed up by lead as he gets off several cannon shots.

THE AIRSPACE

near a KrashSuit explodes with the cannon shots. Now the IG attacks with another burst of bullets.

THE LEAD

hits Robo and ricochets in all directions.

THE IG -- IN A KRASHSUIT

dives at Robo, who rises up and gets off three shots from the cannon.

BOOM !!! BOOM !!! BOOM !!! -- THE KRASHSUIT

takes the hits and spins out of control, crashing into the ground and shattering.

→ Robo could see friend kill on screen, goes to station, on the way - this stuff happens

THE IG INSIDE

is a bloody lifeless mess.

NOW BARNES

dives down and shoots.

BULLETS TEAR A LINE

on the wall as Robo moves out of sight.

ROBO WALKS CC202

down a tunnel and looks over his shoulder.

LARGE DOORS

in front of him close.

BARNES HOVERS

with the other IG.

BARNES
Go after him. I'll be at RG-23 to cut him off.

ROBO NEARS

the end of the corridor.

ROBO
Door.

HELEN
You have control.

THE IG

roars into the tunnel at great speed.

THE DOOR

suddenly snaps closed behind Robo.

CLOSE ON THE IG'S FACE

as he screams and

CRASHES -- KER-BLANG!

into the wall.

HE LOOKS LIKE A SQUASHED BUG

as the KrashSuit slides to the floor with a noisy clatter.

NOW BARNES

hovers into view above LeisureGrid.

DOWN BELOW ROBO EMERGES

from a tunnel and turns toward Barnes. 00202

CLOSE ON ROBO

He is going to fight this mean fucker to the death.

FAR AWAY -- BARNES

in the KrashSuit comes roaring in and

WHAM !!!

He knocks Robo off his feet. Robo rolls and tumbles and rises up in one swift motion.

NOW BARNES

is on him, beating the living crap out of him.

WA-WHAM !!! WHAM !!! WHAM !!!

The machine gun fires at close range, tearing up the metal on Robo's chest. Barnes has Robo pinned against the wall and

reckless endangerment of the community...
How do you plead?

BARNES

struggles to his feet.

ROBO

hits him with a wall of AutoScatter.

THE WAVE OF NOISE

demolishes the glass wall of a structure beyond Barnes and knocks him off his feet. He's howling and holding his ears and bleeding from the nose.

ROBO STEPS CLOSER

and Barnes grovels at his feet, yelling incoherently.

ROBO
PlexJury finds you guilty...

ROBO MOVES CLOSER STILL

forcing the speaker device closer to Barnes.

BARNES' HEAD

starts to vibrate out of control. Now it contorts in a death-grin. The sonic waves shake the head in a rhythmic spasm now and flesh starts to tear. Then it starts ripping off. Now the skin is gone all over and reveals a grinning, screaming skull which howls in the wind of sound.

ROBO
The sentence is death...

THE BONES SHATTER

on the ground and roll in many directions.

ROBO'S FEET

crunch over something as he moves on to the next battle.

HELEN (V.O.)
I never liked that guy much...

ROBO
Neither did I.

INT -- MEDIAGRID -- UNDER RED LIGHTS

Suicide does Smudge. He picks his nose and grins at the camera.

SUICIDE
Hey, guys. Come here. Is this thing still on?

Suicide's gangmembers gather around him as he holds court.

SUICIDE
I want to do the weather.
(picking his nose)
It's going to rain boogers tomorrow.
Isn't that right, Joleen?

Two gangmembers fondle the newslady who screams hysterically. The other gangmembers grin and nod.

GANGMEMBER 1
Let's make a porno...

SUICIDE
Naa, that's boring...

He does some more Smudge.

FLICKER (O.S.)
You know I admire you...

HUNH?

And the gang looks around at Flicker, who walks up, smoking a cigar.

FLICKER
What you did took balls. I admire that in a man...

Suicide is skeptical. His men poke at Flicker with their guns as the cloned executive moves closer to them.

FLICKER
(jovial)
So what does Suicide really want?

Someone tries to kiss Joleen and she slaps him. Men laugh.

SUICIDE
What can you give me?

FLICKER
I'm willing to offer you sizable real estate holdings on any or all of the major continents.

SUICIDE
Hey, the dude is alright. What else you gonna give us so's we don't blow us this city of yours?

Suicide's finger caresses the neutron bomb near the button that will detonate it. Now

SUICIDE LAUGHS

and shows off his rotten teeth.

FLICKER DROPS ASHES

off the cigar and thinks for a minute.

FLICKER
Ever wanted to be a celebrity? Ever want to fuck a movie star?

SUICIDE
Yeah? Sure... What else...?

FLICKER
Bags of cash, property, a stipend, in gold, for you and your men.

SUICIDE

pours more Smudge in his eyes and it runs down his face. He considers.

SUICIDE
More...

FLICKER
Management privileges. Respect, dignity... A seat in city government.

SUICIDE
...and?

FLICKER
You name your price, my friend.

Suicide moves away from the bomb and nods and waves his hands to his band of men.

SUICIDE
What do you think, guys?

GANGMEMBER 1
I want it all.

GANGMEMBER 2
Ask for a full pardon for all of us.

SUICIDE
You hear that?

Flicker looks at the ragged band in front of him and gestures like the omnipotent father. All the while he edges toward the bomb.

FLICKER
Anything you like. You want to be a Senator? No problem. Give yourself a full pardon.

INT -- LARGE METAL DOORS -- THREE GANGMEMBERS

stand near the door. Several dead people litter the hallway. They smoke and pace. Now the door slides open and they turn.

ROBO STEPS

inside and shoots them all.

INT -- TV STUDIO -- SUICIDE THINKS

about all this, stroking his face.

FLICKER OFFERS

his hand. He oozes sincerity. The red light makes him look sinister.

FLICKER
So, we got a deal? What do you say?

SUICIDE
Hey, you're cool, dude. Let's dirty some paper with our names.

Suicide reaches to take Flicker's hand.

SPLOOTCH !!!

Flicker punches his hand into Suicide's chest cavity. He jerks it around inside.

GRRRRRRRKK !

Suicide grunts and snorts, still amazed at what is happening to his body.

HIS MEN STAND

slack-jawed at the sight.

NOW SUICIDE'S BEATING HEART C0202

comes out in Flicker's hand.

FLICKER
That's what I call power negotiation...

He throws Suicide's heart away.

THE NEUTRON DEVICE

Flicker grabs it and holds it close to his chest.

FLICKER
Okay... I'm in control here...
Everything's okay...

SUICIDE'S GANG

The three that remain back away nervously.

GANGMEMBER 1
Hey, man, don't get weird on us...

GANGMEMBER 2
Yeah. We were only kidding...

GANGMEMBER 3
You could kill a lot of people with that thing, you know...

ROBO ARRIVES

and raises his A-9.

ROBO
Drop it.

FLICKER SEES

the cyborg and backs up. He holds the device closer to himself.

FLICKER
Oh yeah? What if I don't?

ROBOSCAN

we see the designation ***DROID.*** Robo raises the gun and targets.

ROBO
You are under arrest for impersonating a human being and terrorist endangerment of the Plex. How do you plead?

FLICKER
This is my city, bub... I can do what I want.

ROBO
PlexJury finds you guilty...

ROBOSCAN -- FLICKER

sweats. A Command Graphic flashes: ***SENTENCING***

FLICKER
You better back off man... I'll do it... I'll nuke the place...

ROBO

stands impassive, aiming.

ROBO

~~You are sentenced to death...~~

FLICKER

gasps.

FLICKER

Me... DIE? Ha ha HA HA!

and reaches for the button.

BLAM !!! BLAM !!! BLAM !!!

Flicker's fingers are blown off, one, two, three... He looks down in amazement as he oozes fluorescent liquid.

BEHIND A CURTAIN (BUILD TO THIS IN THE NEXT PASS)

Miso fires up the laser welder and

SPBLTTZZZONKT !!!

Flicker's head comes off with the cut from the beam of concentrated light.

THE BODY DANCES

for awhile, holding the neutron bomb. Then it stumbles over something, falls and the bomb scutters across the floor.

FLICKER'S HEAD ROLLS

across the floor and comes to a stop near the bomb. His eyes pop open. He sees the bomb but can't reach it. His tongue darts for the fire control button as his eyes roll to see

ROBO

coming to get him.

FLICKER'S HEAD

You bastard! You can't kill me. I own this time zone, reality, everything. How DARE you...?

ROBO PICKS UP

the head which continues to spit venomous assaults.

FLICKER'S HEAD
...I OWN YOU!!

ROBO WINDS UP

and throws the head.

ROBO
I quit.

FLICKER'S HEAD
...GAAAAAHHHHH !!!

And the head flies away, crashing through row after row of plate glass windows and out into the night.

EXT -- METROPLEX3 -- NIGHT

Robo walks along the rubble-strewn street. He seems to be alone, perhaps even lonely. We are very far away. The moon hangs high overhead.

HELEN (O.S)
It's been a long time since I've...
...seen the moon.

ROBO (O.S.)
Would you like to go there?

HELEN (O.S.)
...oh, Robo.

MOONDOG DANGLES -- END TITLES

from the central shaft of a huge satellite dish which is attached to the side of MetroPlex3. The wind whistles through his funny haircut as he looks at us and raps his tale.

MOONDOG

Let me tell you all a tale 'bout
a man in a machine
Well he came into this world without
a hope or a dream
But the cat's got more soul than
you or me.
What he do be so coo' it's makin'
history.
Uh hunh uh hunh

He's a dude name of Robo
Uh hunh uh hunh.
That's right I said Robo.
Uh hunh uh hunh
No sense complainin'
Uh hunh uh hunh
'cause he'll catch you anyway
Uh hunh uh hunh
That's a dude name of Robo.
Uh hunh uh hunh
Say what?
Say RoboCop !